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THE

# ORLANDO FURIOSO

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

FROM THE ITALIAN OF

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WITH NOTES

BY

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# THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## CANTO XXXI.

## ARGUMENT.

*Rinaldo and Dudon fight; then friendship make,*
*And to each other fitting honour pay.*
*Agramant's host the united champions break,*
*And scatter it, like chaff, in disarray.*
*Brandimart wages war, for Roland's sake,*
*With Rodomont, and loses in the fray.*
*This while, for good Bayardo, with more pain,*
*Contend Rinaldo and the Sericane.*

# THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## CANTO XXXI.

I.

What sweeter, gladder, state could be possest
Than falls to the enamoured bosom's share?
What happier mode of life, what lot more blest,
Than evermore the chains of love to wear?
Were not the lover, 'mid his joys, distrest
By that suspicious fear, that cruel care,
That martyrdom, which racks the suffering sprite,
That phrensied rage, which jealousy is hight.

II.

For by all bitters else which interpose
Before enjoyment of this choicest sweet,
Love is augmented, to perfection grows,
And takes a finer edge; to drink and eat,
Hunger and thirst the palate so dispose,
And flavour more our beverage and our meat.
Feebly that wight can estimate the charms
Of peace, who never knew the pain of arms.

III.

That which the heart aye sees, though undiscerned
Of human eye, we can support in peace.
To him long absent, to his love returned,
A longer absence is but joy's increase.
Service may be endured, though nought is earned,
So that the hope of guerdon does not cease.
For worthy service in the end is paid,
Albeit its wages should be long delaid.

IV.

Scorn, and repulse, and finally each pain
Of suffering love, his every martyrdom,
Through recollection, make us entertain
Delights with greater rapture, when they come.
But if weak mind be poisoned by that bane,
That filthy pest, conceived in Stygian home,
Though joy ensue, with all its festive pleasures,
The wretched lover ill his comfort measures.

V.

This is that cruel and envenomed wound
Where neither salve nor potion soothes the smart;
Nor figure made by witch, nor murmured sound;
Nor star benign observed in friendly part;
Nor aught beside by Zoroaster found,
Inventor as he was of magic art [1].
Fell wound, which, more than every other woe,
Makes wretched man despair, and lays him low!

VI.

O! cruel wound! incapable of cure,
Inflicted with such ease on lover's breast,
No less by false suspicion than by sure!
O wound! whose pangs so wofully molest,
They reason and our better wit obscure,
And from its natural bent our judgment wrest:
Wound, which against all reason didst destroy
The damsel of Dordona's every joy!

VII.

I speak not of what fatal mischief wrought
Hippalca's and the brother's bitter blow;
I speak of fell and cruel tidings brought
Some few days after; for the former woe,
Weighed with this other, was a thing of nought:
This after some digression will I show:
But first Rinaldo's feats I must declare,
Who with his troop to Paris made repair.

VIII.

The following day they met a cavalier,
Towards evening, with a lady by his side[2];
Sable his shield, and sable was his gear,
Whose ground a bar of silver did divide.
As foremost, and of seeming force, the peer,
Young Richardetto to the joust defied:
He, prompt for battle, wheeled his courser round,
And for the tourney took sufficient ground.

IX.

Between those knights no further parley past:
Without more question, charged the martial two.
Rinaldo with the friendly troop stood fast,
And looked to see what issue would ensue.
" Him from his saddle will I quickly cast,
" If firm the footing, and mine arm prove true;"
Within himself young Richardetto cries:
But that encounter ends in other wise.

X.

Him underneath the vizor's sight offends
The stranger champion, of the sable weed,
With force so fell, that he the youth extends
Above two lances' length beyond his steed.
Quickly to venge the knight Alardo wends,
But falls himself astounded on the mead;
Sore handled, and unhorsed by such a stroke,
His buckler in the cruel shock is broke.

XI.

His lance Guichardo levelled, when he spied
Outstretched upon the field, the brethren two;
Although " Halt, halt," (renowned Rinaldo cried,)
" For this third course to me is justly due:"
But he as yet his helmet had not tied;
So that Guichardo to the combat flew.
He kept his seat no better than the twain;
Forthwith, like them, extended on the plain.

XII.

All to be foremost in the joust contend,
Richardo, Malagigi, Viviane:
But to their strife Rinaldo puts an end;
He shows himself in arms before the train,
Saying, " 'Tis time that we to Paris wend;
" For us too long the tourney will detain,
" If I expect till each his course has run,
" And ye are all unseated, one by one."

XIII.

So spake the knight, yet spake not in a tone
To be o'erheard in what he inly said;
Who thus foul scorn would to the rest have done.
Both now had wheeled, and fierce encounter made.
In the career Rinaldo was not thrown,
Who all the banded kinsmen much outweighed;
Their spears like brittle glass to pieces went,
But not an inch the champions backward bent.

XIV.

The chargers such a rough encounter made,
That on his crupper sank each staggering horse:
Rinaldo's rose so quick, he might be said
Scarcely to interrupt his rapid course:
The stranger's broke his spine and shoulder-blade;
That other shocked him with such desperate force.
When his lord sees him slain, he leaves his seat,
And in an instant springs upon his feet;

XV.

And to his foe, that having wheeled anew,
Approached with hand unarmed, the warrior cried;
" Sir, to the goodly courser whom ye slew,
" Because, whenas he lived, he was my pride,
" I deem, I ill should render honour due,
" If thus unvenged by my good arm he died;
" And so fall on, and do as best ye may,
" For we parforce must meet in new assay."

XVI.

To him Rinaldo, " If we for thy horse
" Have to contend in fight, and nought beside,
" Take comfort, for I ween that with no worse
" Thou, in his place, by me shalt be supplied."
—" Thou errest if thou deem'st his loss the source
" Of my regret" (the stranger knight replied);
" But I, since thou divinest not my speech,
" To thee my meaning will more plainly teach.

XVII.

" I should esteem it were a foul misdeed,
" Unless I proved thee also with the brand.
" I, if thou in this other dance succeed
" Better or worse than me, would understand:
" Then, as it please, afoot or on thy steed,
" Attack me, so it be with arms in hand.
" I am content all vantage to afford;
" Such my desire to try thee with the sword!"

XVIII.

Not long Rinaldo paused: he cried, "I plight
"My promise not to balk thee of the fray;
"And, for I deem thou art a valiant knight,
"And lest thou umbrage take at mine array,
"These shall go on before, nor other wight,
"Beside a page, to hold my horse, shall stay."
So spake Mount Alban's lord; and to his band,
To wend their way the warrior gave command.

XIX.

To that kind paladin with praise replied
The stranger peer; alighting on the plain,
Rinaldo to the valet, at his side,
Consigned the goodly steed Bayardo's rein,
And when his banner he no longer spied,
Now widely distant with the warrior's train,
His buckler braced, his biting faulchion drew,
And to the field defied the knight anew.

XX.

And now each other they in fight assail:
Was never seen a feller strife in show.
Neither believes his foeman can avail,
Long, in that fierce debate, against his blow:
But when they knew, well weighed in doubtful scale,
That they were fitly matched, for weal or woe,
They laid their fury and their pride apart,
And for their vantage practised every art.

XXI.

Their cruel and despiteous blows resound,
Re-echoing wide, what time the valiant twain
With cantlets of their shields now strew the ground,
Now with their faulchions sever plate and chain.
Yet more behoves to parry than to wound,
If either knight his footing would maintain;
For the first fault in fence, by either made,
Will with eternal mischief be appaid.

XXII.

One hour and more than half another, stood
The knights in battle; and the golden sun
Already was beneath the tumbling flood,
And the horizon veiled with darkness dun:
Nor yet had they reposed, nor interlude
Had been, since that despiteous fight begun,
'Twixt these, whom neither ire nor rancour warms,
But simple thirst of fame excites to arms.

XXIII.

Rinaldo in himself revolving weighed
Who was the stranger knight, so passing stout;
That not alone him bravely had gainsaid,
But oft endangered in that deadly bout;
And has so harassed with his furious blade,
He of its final issue stands in doubt.
—He that the strife was ended would be fain,
So that his knightly honour took no stain.

XXIV.

The stranger knight, upon the other side,
As little of his valiant foeman knew;
Nor in that lord Mount Alban's chief descried,
In warfare so renowned all countries through.
And upon whom, with such small cause defied,
His faulchion he in deadly combat drew.
He was assured he could not have in fight
Experience of a more redoubted wight.

XXV.

He gladly would be quit of the emprize
He undertook to venge his courser's fall;
And, could he, without blame, a mean devise,
Would fain withdraw from that disastrous brawl.
So overcast already were the skies,
Their cruel strokes well nigh fell harmless all.
Both blindly strike; more blindly yet those lords
Parry the stroke, who scarce discern their swords.

XXVI.

He of Mount Alban is the first to say,
'They should not combat darkling, on the plain;
'But should their duel till such time delay
'As slow Arcturus should have turned his wain.'
(And adds,) 'as safely as himself might stay
'The foe in his pavilion, of his train
'As duly tended, honoured, and well seen,
'As he in any place had ever been.'

## XXVII.

To pray him has Rinaldo little need:
He courteously accepts him for his host;
And thither the united warriors speed,
Where lies Mount Alban's troop in chosen post.
From his attendant squire a goodly steed,
With sumptuous housings gorgeously embossed,
Rinaldo takes, with tempered sword and spear,
And these bestows upon the cavalier.

## XXVIII.

For Montalbano's lord the stranger guest,
The baron recognised, with whom he came;
Because, before they reached their place of rest,
The paladin had chanced himself to name;
And (for they brethren were) with love opprest,
His tenderness him wholly overcame;
And touched with kind affection, at his heart,
From his full eyes the tears of pleasure start.

## XXIX.

Guido the savage was that cavalier,
Who, with Marphisa leagued, the martial maid,
Sansonet, and the sons of Olivier,
Long sailed the sea, as I erewhile have said;
From earlier meeting with his kindred dear
By Pinnabel, the felon knight, delaid;
Seized by that traitor, and by him detain
To enforce the wicked law he had ordained.

XXX.

Sir Guido, when he knew his host to be
Rinaldo, famed above each famous knight,
Whom he had burned with more desire to see
Than ever blindman covets the lost light,
In rapture cries, " What fortune tempted me
" With you, my lord, to strive in deadly fight,
" Whom long I have beloved, and love, whose worth
" I prize above all dwellers' upon earth?

XXXI.

" Me on the distant bank of Euxine's flood
" (I Guido am yclept) Constantia bare,
" Conceived of the illustrious seed and good
" Of generous Aymon, as ye likewise are.
" To visit you and my bold brotherhood
" Is the occasion, hither I repair;
" And, where to honour you I had in thought,
" I see my coming has but mischief wrought.

XXXII.

" But that neither ye nor the others knew,
" Must for so foul a fault be my excuse;
" And, if I can amend it, bid me do
" Whate'er thou wilt, nor ought will I refuse."
When, on this part and that, between the two,
Of in[illegible]hanged embraces there was truce,
" Take [illegible]ou no farther thought upon your side
" The battle to excuse," Rinaldo cried.

XXXIII.

" For in complete assurance that you are
" A real offset of our ancient tree,
" You could no better testimony bear
" Than the tried valour which in you we see;
" If your demeanour more pacific were,
" We ill should have believed your ancestry:
" Since neither lion from the doe proceeds,
" Nor fearful pigeon, hawk or eagle breeds."

XXXIV.

While neither they through talk their journey stay,
Neither through speed abate their talk, those two
Reached the pavilions where the kinsmen lay:
There good Rinaldo, crying to his crew,
' That this was Guido, whom so many a day
' They had impatiently desired to view,'
Much pleased the friendly troop; and, at his sight
All like his father deemed the stranger knight.

XXXV.

I will not tell what welcome to the peer
Made Richardet, Alardo, and those twain;
What Malagigi, what Sir Aldigier,
And gallant Vivian, of that kindred train;
What every captain, every cavalier;
What Guido spake, what they replied again:
I for conclusion of my tale will say,
He was well greeted of the whole array.

XXXVI.

Ever, I deem, good Guido would have been
Dear to his brethren bold; but welcomed more
Was now the valiant knight, and better seen
Than at another time, as needed sore.
When the sun, garlanded with radiance sheen,
Upraised his visage from the watery floor,
Sir Guido and his kinsmen, in a band,
Beneath Rinaldo's banner took their stand.

XXXVII.

So one day and another prick the train,
That they to Paris' leaguered gates are nigh,
Scarce ten miles distant, on the banks of Seine;
When, as good Fortune wills it, they descry
Gryphon and Aquilant, the two that stain
Their virtuous armour with a different dye;
Sable was Aquilant's, white Gryphon's, weed;
Good Olivier's and Sigismonda's seed.

XXXVIII.

In parley were they by a damsel stayed,
Nor she of mean condition to behold;
That in a snowy samyte was arraid,
The vesture edged about with list of gold:
Graceful and fair; although she was dismaid,
And down her visage tears of sorrow rolled;
Who with such mien and act her speech enforced,
It seemed of some high matter she discoursed.

XXXIX.

As Guido them, they gallant Guido knew.
He with the pair had been few days before;
And to Rinaldo; "Behold those! whom few
"In valour and in prowess go before,
"And if they join your banner, against you
"Feebly will stand the squadrons of the Moor.
Rinaldo vouched what valiant Guido told,
'How either champion was a warrior bold.'

XL.

Nor them he less had recognized at sight;
Because (such was the usage of the pair)
One by a vest all black, and one all white,
He knows, and by the ornaments they wear.
The brethren know as well Mount Alban's knight,
And give the warlike kinsmen welcome fair:
They both embrace Rinaldo as a friend,
And of their ancient quarrel make an end.

XLI.

They—erst at feud and with sore hate possest,
Through Truffaldino[3]—(which were long to say)
Each other with fraternal love carest,
Now putting all their enmity away.
Rinaldo next Sir Sansonet addrest,
Who somewhat later joined that fair array;
And (knowing well his force and mighty thew)
Received the cavalier with honour due.

XLII.

When she, that gentle damsel, now more near,
Beholds renowned Rinaldo, him she knows,
Acquainted with each paladin and peer.
She news which sorely grieve the warrior shows;
And thus begins; "My lord, your cousin dear,
"To whom its safety Church and Empire owes,
"Roland, erewhile so honoured and so sage,
"Now roves the world, possest with frantic rage.

XLIII.

Whence woe, so direful and so strange, ensued
"Cannot by me to you be signified:
"I saw on earth his sword and armour strewed,
"Doffed by that peer, and scattered far and wide;
"And I a pious knight and courteous viewed
"Those arms collecting upon every side,
"Who, in the guise of trophy, to a tree
"Fastened that fair and pompous panoply.

XLIV.

But from the trophied stem the sword withdrew
"The son of Agrican that very day.
"Thou mayst conceive what mischief may ensue
"To Charles and to the christened host's array,
"From loss of Durindana, if anew
"The infidels that goodly blade should sway.
"Good Brigliador as well, who roved, forsaken,
"About those arms, was by the paynim taken.

XLV.

"Few days are past, since I in shameful wise
"Saw Roland, running naked in his mood,
"Sending forth piteous shrieks and fearful cries.
"In fine, that he is frantic I conclude;
"Nor this had I believed, save with these eyes
"That strange and cruel wonder I had viewed."
She added next, how from the bridge's top,
Embraced by Rodomont, she saw him drop.

XLVI.

"To whosoe'er I deem not Roland's foe
"I tell my tale," (pursued the dame again,)
"That, of the crowd who hear this cruel woe
"Some one, in pity to his cruel pain,
"May strive the peer in Paris to bestow,
"Or other friendly place, to purge his brain.
"Well wot I, if such tidings he receive,
"Nought unattempted Brandimart will leave."

XLVII.

Fair Flordelice was she, the stranger dame;
Than his own self to Brandimart more dear:
Who in pursuit of him to Paris came.
That damsel, after, tells the cavalier,
'How hate and strife were blown into a flame
'Between Gradasso and the Tartar peer,
'For Roland's faulchion; fierce Gradasso's prey,
'When slain in combat Mandricardo lay.'

XLVIII.

By accident, so strange and sad, distrest,
Rinaldo is distraught with ceaseless woe:
He feels his heart dissolve within his breast,
As in the sun dissolves the flake of snow;
And, with unchanged resolve, upon the quest
Of good Orlando, every where will go;
In hopes, if he discover him, to find
Some means of cure for his distempered mind.

XLIX.

But since his band already had he dight,
(Did him the hand of Heaven or Fortune sway)
He first to put the Saracens to flight,
And raise the siege of Paris, will assay.
But (for it promised vantage) he till night
The assault of their cantonments will delay,
Till the third watch or fourth, when heavy sleep
Their senses shall in Lethe's water steep.

L.

His squadron in the wood he placed, and there,
Ambushed, he made them lie the daylight through;
But when the sun, leaving this nether air
In darkness, to his ancient nurse withdrew;
And fangless serpent now, and goat, and bear,
With other beasts, adorned the heavens anew,
Which by the greater blaze had been concealed,
Rinaldo moved his silent troop afield.

LI.

A mile an-end with Aquilant he prest,
Gryphon, Alardo, and Vivian of his race,
Guido and Sansonetto, and the rest,
Without word spoken, and with stealthy pace.
The Moorish guard they find with sleep opprest:
They slaughter all, nor grant one paynim grace;
And, ere they were by others seen or heard,
Into their midmost camp the squadron spurred.

LII.

At the first charge on that unchristened band,
Their guard and sentries, taken by surprise,
So broken are by good Rinaldo's brand,
No wight is left, save he who slaughtered lies.
Their first post forced, the paynims understand
No laughing matter is the lord's emprize;
For, sleeping and dismaid, their naked swarms
Make small resistance to such warriors' arms.

LIII.

To strike more dread into the Moorish foe,
Mount Alban's champion, leading the assault,
Bade beat his drums and bade his bugles blow,
And with loud echoing cries his name exalt.
He spurs Bayardo, that is nothing slow;
He clears the lofty barriers at a vault,
Trampling down foot, o'erturning cavalier,
And scatters booth and tent in his career.

LIV.

Is none so bold of all that paynimry
But what his stiffened hair stands up an end,
Hearing Mount Alban's and Rinaldo's cry
From earth into the starry vault ascend.
Him the twin hosts of Spain and Afric fly,
Nor time in loading baggage idly spend;
Who will not wait that deadly fury more,
Which to have proved so deeply irks them sore.

LV.

Guido succeeds; no less their foe pursue,
The valiant sons of warlike Olivier,
Alardo, Richardet, and the other two;
Sansonet's sword and horse a pathway clear;
And well is proved upon that paynim crew
The force of Vivian and of Aldigier.
Thus each bestirs himself like valorous knight,
Who follows Clermont's banner to the fight.

LVI.

Seven hundred men with good Rinaldo speed,
Drawn from Mount Alban and the townships nigh
—No fiercer erst obeyed Achilles' lead—
Enured to summer and to winter sky:
So stout each warrior is, so good at need,
A hundred would not from a thousand fly;
And, better than some famous cavaliers,
Many amid that squadron couch their spears.

## LVII.

If good Rinaldo gathers small supplies
From rents or cities, which his rule obey,
So these he bound by words and courtesies,
And sharing what he had with his array,
Is none that ever from his service buys
Deserter by the bribe of better pay.
Of Montalbano these are left in care,
Save pressing need demands their aid elsewhere.

## LVIII.

Them now in succour of King Charles he stirred,
And left with little guard his citadel.
Among the Africans that squadron spurred,
That squadron, of whose doughty feats I tell,
Doing by them what wolf on woolly herd
Does where Galesus' limpid waters well,
Or lion by the bearded goat and rank,
That feeds on Cinyphus's barbarous bank[4].

## LIX.

Tidings to Charles Rinaldo had conveyed,
'That he for Paris with his squadron steers,
'To assail, by night, the paynims ill purveyed;'
And ready and in arms the king appears.
He, when his help is needed, comes in aid,
With all his peerage, and, beside his peers,
Brings Monodantes' son*, amid that crew,
Of Flordelice the lover chaste and true;

Brandimart.

LX.

Whom by such long and by such tedious way
She sought throughout the realm of France in vain;
Here by the cognizance, his old display,
Afar, by her distinguished from the train.
At the first sight of her he quits the fray,
And wears a semblance loving and humane.
He clipt her round with many a fond caress,
And kissed a thousand times, or little less.

LXI.

To dame and damsel in that ancient age
They trusted much, that, in their wandering vein,
Roved, unescorted, many a weary stage,
Through foreign countries and by hill and plain;
Whom they returning hold for fair and sage,
Nor of their faith suspicion entertain.
Here Brandimart by Flordelice was taught,
'How Roland wandered, of his wits distraught.'

LXII.

Had he such strange and evil tidings heard
From other lips, he scarce had these believed:
But credited fair Flordelice's word,
From whom more wondrous things he had received.
Nor this, as told by other, she averred;
This had she seen, and ill could be deceived;
For well as any she Orlando knows;
And both the when and where that damsel shows.

LXIII.

She tells him, 'How the perilous bridge's floor
'From cavaliers king Rodomont defends;
'Where, on a pompous sepulchre, the Moor
'His prisoners' ravished arms and vest suspends;
'Tells how she saw Orlando, raging sore,
'Do fearful deeds,' and her relation ends,
Describing how the paynim fell reversed,
To his great peril, in the stream immersed.

LXIV.

Brandimart, who the County loves as dear
As man can love a brother, friend, or son,
Disposed to seek Orlando, far and near,
Nor pain nor peril in the adventure shun,
Till something for the comfort of that peer
By wizard's or by leech's art be done,
Armed as he is, leaps lightly on his steed,
And takes his way beneath the lady's lead.

LXV.

Thitherward where Orlando she had spied,
In company the knight and lady made.
They daily post till to that bridge they ride,
Which Argier's king maintained, in arms arraid.
To him the guard their coming signified;
Courser and arms his squires as well conveyed;
And Brandimart no sooner is at hand
Than Rodomont is armed and at his stand.

## LXVI.

With lofty voice the sovereign of Argièr,
Assorting with his moody rage, 'gan say;
" —Whoe'er thou art, sir knight, and whencesoe'er—
" Brought by mistake of purpose or of way,
" Light from thine horse and doff thy warlike gear,
" To deck this sepulchre, ere thee I slay,
" An offering to its lovely tenant's spirit;
" And thou in thy forced homage have no merit."

## LXVII.

Brandimart, at the paynim's proud discourse,
His weapon in the rest, for answer, layed;
He good Batoldo spurred, his gentle horse,
And at the champion with such fury made,
As showed that he, for cõurage and for force,
With any warrior in the world had weighed.
King Rodomont as well, with rested spear,
Thundered along the bridge, in fierce career.

## LXVIII.

The paynim's courser, ever used to go
Upon that bridge's fearful pass, where one
Fell prone parforce into the stream below,
Securely to the fierce encounter run:
While, trembling, and irresolute in show,
That other to the unwonted course is gone.
Quivers the bridge beneath, as it would sink:
Narrow that passage is, unfenced the brink!

## LXIX.

With heavy spears, the growth of forest hoar,
Saplings rough-hewn, those masters of the just,
Upon the perilous bridge encountering sore,
Exchange, on either side, no gentle thrust.
Nor much their mighty strength or manege-lore
Avails the steeds; for, prostrate in the dust,
Crumbles each knight and charger in mid-course;
Whelmed in one fate, the rider and his horse.

## LXX.

When either steed would nimbly spring from ground,
As the spur galled and gored his bleeding flank,
He on that little bridge no footing found;
For all too narrow was the scanty plank.
Hence both fall headlong, and the deafening sound
Re-echo vaulted skies and grassy bank.
So rang our stream, when from the heavenly sphere
Was hurled the sun's ill-fated charioteer *.

## LXXI.

With all their weight, down hurtled from the steep,
Coursers and cavaliers, who sate them well;
And dived into the river's darksome deep,
To search for beauteous nymph in secret cell.
Nor this the first nor yet the second leap
Which from the bridge had made that infidel!
Who, often floundering in its oozy bed,
Well in the soundings of that stream was read.

* Phaëton.

## LXXII.

He where 'tis hard and where 'tis softer knows,
Where shallow is the water, where profound:
With breast and flanks above the waves he rose,
And Brandimart assailed on safer ground.
Brandimart, whirling with the current, goes,
While his steed's feet the faithless bottom pound.
He, with his lord, stands rooted in the mud,
With risk to both of drowning in the flood.

## LXXIII.

Whelming them upside-down, the waters flow,
And plunge them in the river's deepest bed;
The horse is uppermost, the knight below.
From the bridge looks his lady, sore bested,
And tear employs, and prayer, and suppliant vow:
—"Ah, Rodomont! for love of her, whom dead
"Ye worship, do not deed of such despite!
"Permit not, sir, the death of such a knight.

## LXXIV.

"Ah! courteous lord! if e'er you loved withal,
"Have pity upon me who love this peer;
"Let it suffice that he become thy thrall!
"For if thou on this stone suspend his gear,
"Amid whatever spoils adorn the wall,
"The best and worthiest will his spoils appear."
She ended, and her prayer so well addrest,
It touched, though hard to move, the paynim's breast.

LXXV.

Moved by her words, he lent her lover aid,
So by his courser in the stream immersed;
Who, to his peril sore, was overlaid,
And largely drank, albeit with little thirst.
But Rodomont a while his help delayed,
And seized the warrior's sword and helmet first.
Him half exhausted from the stream he drew,
And prisoned with that other captive crew.

LXXVI.

All happiness was in that damsel spent,
When taken she her Brandimart espied,
Although to see him captive more content,
Than to behold him perish in the tide.
None but herself she blames for the event,
Who thitherward had been the champion's guide;
She having to that faithful warrior shown,
How at the bridge Orlando she had known.

LXXVII.

She parts, and has anew already planned
Thither with good Rinaldo to resort;
With Guido, Sansonet of doughty hand,
Or other cavalier of Pepin's court;
Some warrior good by water and by land,
That with the Saracen will well assort.
Who, if no stronger than her baffled knight,
With better fortune may maintain the fight.

## LXXVIII.

For many days the damsel vainly strayed,
Ere she encountered any one who bore
Semblance of knight, that might afford her aid,
And free her prisoned lover from the Moor;
After she long and fruitless search had made,
At length a warrior crost her way, that wore
A richly ornamented vest, whose ground
With trunks of cypresses was broidered round [5].

## LXXIX.

Who was that champion, shall be said elsewhere;
For I to Paris must return, and show
How Malagigi and Rinaldo are
Victorious o'er the routed Moorish foe.
To count the flyers were a useless care,
Or many drowned in Stygian streams below.
The darkness rendered Turpin's labour vain,
Who tasked himself to tell the pagans slain.

## LXXX.

King Agramant in his pavilion lies,
From his first sleep awakened by a knight:
He that the king will be a prisoner, cries,
'Save he with speed betake himself to flight.'
The monarch looks about him and espies
His paynim bands dispersed in panic fright.
Naked, they far and near desert the field;
Nay, never halt to snatch the covering shield.

## LXXXI.

Uncounselled and confused, the king arrayed
His naked limbs in knightly plate and chain,
When thither Falsiron, the Spaniard, made
Grandonio, Balugantes, and their train:
They to the Moorish king the risk displayed
Of being taken in that press, or slain;
And vouched, 'if thence he should in safety fare,
'He well might thank propitious Fortune's care.'

## LXXXII.

Marsilius so, Sobrino so, their fear
Express; so, one and all, the friendly band;
They warn him 'that Destruction is as near
'As swift Mount Alban's lord is nigh at hand.
'And if against so fierce a cavalier,
'And such a troop, he seeks to make a stand,
'He and his friends in that disastrous strife
'Will surely forfeit liberty or life.

## LXXXIII.

'But he to Arles and Narbonne may retreat,
'With such few squadrons as his rule obey:
'Since either is well fortified, and meet
'The warfare to maintain above one day;
'And having saved his person, the defeat
'May venge upon the foe, by this delay:
'His troops may rally quickly in that post,
'And rout in fine King Charles's conquering host.'

## LXXXIV.

Agramant to those lords' opinion bent,
Though that hard counsel he could ill endure;
As if supplied with wings, towards Arles he went,
By roads which offered passage most secure.
Beside safe guides, much favoured his intent
His setting out, when all things were obscure.
Scaping the toils by good Rinaldo spread,
Some twenty thousand of the paynims fled.

## LXXXV.

Those whom Rinaldo, whom his brethren slew,
Whom Oliviero's sons, the valiant twain,
Those who were slaughtered by Mount Alban's crew,
—The fierce seven hundred, good Rinaldo's train—
Those whom the valiant Sansonet o'erthrew,
And those that in their flight were drowned in Seine,
He who would count, might count as well what flowers
Zephyr and Flora shed, mid April-showers.

## LXXXVI.

Here one conjectures Malagigi bore
A part in the alarum of that night:
Not that he stained the mead with paynim gore,
Nor splintered heads; but that the wizard wight,
Infernal angels, by his magic lore,
Called from Tartarean caverns into light;
Whose many spears and banners waving wide
Two kingdoms such as France had scarce supplied.

## LXXXVII.

And with them such sonorous metal brayed,
So many drums and martial noises sounded;
So many steeds in that encounter neighed;
So many cries—with rush of foot confounded—
Rose all about, that hill, dale, wood, and glade,
From distant parts, the deafening din rebounded;
And struck into the Moors such sudden dread,
They turned and from the field in panic fled.

## LXXXVIII.

Their king forgets not, how Rogero lay
Sore wounded, and as yet in evil case.
Him, with what care they could, he made convey
From that dread field, on horse of easy pace.
Borne to the sea by the securest way,
They in a bark the suffering warrior place,
And thence commodiously to Arles transport;
Whither their wasted squadrons make resort.

## LXXXIX.

Chased by Rinaldo and King Charlemagne,
A hundred thousand, or well nigh, I ween,
By wood, by mountain, valley, and by plain,
Flying the fury of the Franks are seen;
More find the passage blocked, and widely stain
With crimson what before was white and green.
Not so Gradasso's puissant troop was spent,
Who farther from the field had pitched his tent.

XC.

Nay; when he hears it is Mount Alban's knight
By whom assailed the paynim quarters are,
He in his heart exults, with such delight,
That he, for very joy, leaps here and there.
He thanks and lauds his God, who him that night
Blest with so high a fortune and so rare;
Hoping to win the horse without a peer,
Bayardo, from the Christian cavalier.

XCI.

Gradasso had desired long time before
(I think you will have read the tale elsewhere)
To back that courser, which Rinaldo bore,
And Durindana by his side to wear:
He with a hundred thousand men and more
To France, with this design, had made repair;
And had erewhile to bloody fight defied,
Even for that good steed, Mount Alban's pride.

XCII.

Hence had that king repaired to the sea-shore,
The place assigned to end their discord fell:
But all was marred by Malagigi's lore[6];
Who, cheating good Rinaldo with a spell,
To sea the champion in a pinnace bore.
Too tedious were the tale at length to tell.
Hence evermore Gradasso had opined,
The gentle baron was of craven kind.

## XCIII.

Now that Gradasso learns Mount Alban's peer
Is he, that storms the camp, in huge delight,
Armed, on Alfana leaps the cavalier [7],
And through the pitchy darkness seeks the knight,
O'erturning all who cross his fierce career,
He leaves afflicted and in piteous plight
The broken bands of Afric and of France.
All, food alike for his wide-wasting lance.

## XCIV.

He seeks the paladin, now here now there,
Echoing his name as loud as he can shout;
And thitherward inclines his courser, where
The bodies are most thickly strown about.
At length encounter, sword to sword, the pair,
For broken are alike their lances stout;
Which shivering in their hands, had flown upright,
And smote the starry chariot of the Night.

## XCV.

When King Gradasso recognized the foe,
Not by the blazoned bearing of his shield,
But by Bayardo—by that horrid blow,
Which made him seem sole champion of the field,
He to reproach the knight was nothing slow,
And of unworthy action him appealed;
In that he had not kept his ground and day,
Erewhile appointed for the fierce assay.

XCVI.

" Belike thou hoped," (said he of Sericane,)
" If for that time my vengeance thou couldst fly,
" We should not meet in this wide world again:
" But we are met, thou seest, anew; and I,
" Be sure, though thou shouldst seek the Stygian reign,
" Or be from earth translated to the sky,
" Will hunt thee, save that courser thou forego,
" Be it through heaven above or hell below.

XCVII.

" Dost thou, as matched with me, mistrust thy force,
" (And that thou wert ill paired was seen whilere,)
" And more esteemest life than fame, a course
" Remains, which thee may from thy peril clear.
" And thou, if thou in peace resign the horse,
" May'st live, if life be deemed so passing dear;
" But live afoot, unmeriting a steed,
" That dost by chivalry such foul misdeed."

XCVIII.

Guido the savage, as he spake, was nigh
With Richardetto; and the warlike twain
Brandished alike their trenchant swords on high,
To teach more wit to him of Sericane:
But them Rinaldo stopt with sudden cry,
Nor brooked that he should injury sustain.
" Am I too weak," (he cried,) " without your aid,
" To answer him that dares my deeds upbraid?"

## XCIX.

Then to the pagan thus; "Gradasso hear,
"And wilt thou listen, thou shalt understand,
"And I will prove it manifest and clear,
"I came to seek thee out upon the strand;
"And afterwards on thee will make appear
"The truth of all I say with arms in hand;
"Know then thou liest, if e'er with slanderous speech
"Thou taxest me with aught in knighthood's breach.

## C.

"But warmly I beseech thee, that before
"The battle be, thou fully comprehend
"My just excuses, that thou may'st no more
"Me for my failure wrongly reprehend:
"Next for Bayardo, as agreed of yore,
"'Tis my desire that we afoot contend;
"Even as ordained by thee, in desert place,
"Alone in knightly duel, face to face."

## CI.

Courteous was Sericana's cavalier,
(For generous bosoms aye such practice use)
And is content to listen to the peer,
How he his breach of promise will excuse.
With him he seeks the river side, and here
In simple words what chanced Rinaldo shews;
From the true history removes the veil,
And cites all Heaven to witness to his tale.

CII.

Next calls upon the son of Buovo, who
Is of that history informed aright;
And now, from point to point, relates anew
(Nor more nor less rehearsed) the magic sleight.
When thus Rinaldo; "What I warrant true
"By witness, I with arms in single fight,
"For better proof, will vouch upon thy crest,
"Both now and ever, as it likes thee best."

CIII.

The king of Sericane, as loath to leave
The second quarrel for the former breach,
Though doubtful how that tale he should receive,
Takes in good part the bold Rinaldo's speech.
Not, as upon the former battle's eve,
They choose their ground on Barcellona's beach:
But on the morn ensuing, and, fast by
A neighbouring fountain, will the question try.

CIV.

Thither Rinaldo will the steed convey,
There to be placed in common, 'twixt the two.
If good Gradasso take his foe or slay,
He wins Bayardo without more ado.
But if Gradasso fails in that affray,
—Should he be slain, or else for mercy sue,
A prisoner to Mount Alban's valiant lord,
Rinaldo shall possess the virtuous sword.

CV.

With mighty marvel and with greater pain,
The paladin from Flordelice (as shown)
Had heard how troubled was his cousin's brain.
And from the damsel's lips as well had known
How he his arms had scattered on the plain;
And heard the quarrel which from thence had grown;
In fine, how King Gradasso had the brand,
Which won such thousand palms in Roland's hand.

CVI.

When they were so agreed, Gradasso made
Thither where, camped apart, his servants lay,
Albeit warmly by Rinaldo prayed,
He would with him in his pavillion stay.
The paynim king in armour was arrayed,
And so the paladin, by break of day;
And to the destined fount came either lord,
The field of combat for the horse and sword.

CVII.

It seemed Rinaldo's friends were all in fear,
And dreaded much, before it was begun,
The issue of the fight their cavalier
Should wage against Gradasso, one to one.
Much force, much daring, and much skill appear
In that fierce king; and since of Milo's son
The goodly sword was to his girdle tied,
All cheeks looked pale upon Rinaldo's side;

CVIII.

And Malagigi, more than all the rest,
Sore doubted the event which would ensue,
He willingly himself would have addrest
To disappoint the destined fight anew;
But fears if he that deadly strife arrest,
Rinaldo's utter enmity to rue,
Yet wroth with him upon that other score,
When he conveyed the warrior from the shore.

CIX.

Let others nourish idle grief and fears!
Rinaldo wends afield secure and gay,
Hoping *that* shame, which to the knight appears
Too foul to be endured, to wipe away:
So that of Altafoglia and Poictiers,
He may for ever silence the mis-say [8].
Boldly, and in his heart secure to win
That battle's honour, wends the paladin.

CX.

When now from either side those warriors meet,
Nigh at the same time at the fountain-side,
So in all points the pair each other greet,
With countenance, so kind, so satisfied,
'Twould seem by kindred and by friendship sweet
Rinaldo and Gradasso were allied.
But how they after closed in fierce affray,
I till another season shall delay.

# NOTES TO CANTO XXXI.

1.

*Nor aught beside by Zoroaster found,*
*Inventor as he was of magic art.*

Stanza v. lines 5 and 6.

Zoroaster (we are told) was king of Bactria, previous to the Trojan war, and the inventor of magic or the doctrines of the magi.

2.

*The following day they met a cavalier,*
*Towards evening, with a lady by his side, &c.*

Stanza viii. lines 1 and 2.

The knight turns out to be Guido the savage, and the lady is apparently his favourite wife Aleria, with whom he escaped from the city of Amazons. We do not learn how he had separated from his companions.

3.

*They—erst at feud and with sore hate possest,*
*Through Truffaldino, &c.*

Stanza xli. lines 1 and 2.

During the siege of Albracea, where the Christian knights were engaged on different sides principally through Brunello;

who having surprised several of them, compelled his prisoners to take an oath, to defend him against his enemies whomsoever, all of whom he had provoked by his manifold treasons. The occurrences during this famous siege (it has been already observed) are the most striking passage in the *Orlando Innamorato*, and present the most singular pictures of passion, picturesque description, and wild buffoonery, which are to be found in Italian romance.

4.

*Doing by them what wolf on woolly herd*
*Does where Galesus' limpid waters well,*
*Or lion by the bearded goat and rank,*
*That feeds on Cinyphus's barbarous bank.*

Stanza lviii. lines 5, 6, 7, 8.

Galesus a river of Puglia not far from Tarentum, and Cinyphus a river of Africa.

5.

*that wore*
*A richly ornamented vest, whose ground*
*With trunks of cypresses was broidered round.*

Stanza lxxviii. lines 6, 7, 8.

Cypresses seem to furnish an odd ornament for embroidery; but they still form a favourite border for towels at Constantinople. A future mention of them in this work shows them to have been emblematic.

6.

*But all was marred by Malagigi's lore, &c.*

Stanza xcii. line 3.

The *Innamorato* opens with the invasion of France by Gradasso, at the head of a hundred thousand men, for the purpose

of obtaining Bayardo and Durindana. In a duel which is to decide his or Rinaldo's right to the horse, Boyardo, in imitation of Virgil, makes Malagigi decoy his cousin aboard a boat by the appearance of a figure like Gradasso; when the boat leaves the land, of itself, and conveys away Rinaldo.

7.

*Armed, on Alfana leaps the cavalier.*

Stanza xciii. line 3.

His charger, so called.

8.

*So that of Altafoglia and Poictiers,*
*He may for ever silence the mis-say.*

Stanza cix. lines 5 and 6.

These were lordships possessed by the House of Maganza, inimical to *that* of Clermont, as has been seen throughout this poem.

# THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## CANTO XXXII.

## ARGUMENT.

*To her that does for her Rogero stay,*
*Tidings are brought which irk the damsel sore,*
*That fair Marphisa caused the youth's delay;*
*She bent to slay her, grieving evermore,*
*Departs, and overtakes, upon the way,*
*Ullania with the three kings who rode before.*
*These she o'ercomes, and had o'ercome that maid,*
*But that an evil law she disobeyed.*

# THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## CANTO XXXII.

I.

I RECOLLECT that I was bound to sing
(I promised so, but it escaped my mind)
Of a suspicion, fraught with suffering
To Bradamant of more displeasing kind,
And made by keener and more venomed sting
Than caused that other wound, wherewith she pined,
Which, hearing Richardet his news impart,
Had pierced her breast and preyed upon her heart.

II.

So was I bound to sing, but I begun
Another song. Rinaldo crossed my way,
And then those deeds by savage Guido done,
Kept me employed and caused no small delay;
And so from subject I to subject run,
That I forgot of Bradamant to say.
I now remember, and will tell you, ere
You of Rinaldo or Gradasso hear.

III.

But it behoves, ere more of these be said,
I should awhile of Agramant discourse,
Who had from that night's raging fire conveyed
To Arles, the remnant of his scattered force:
Since to unite his troops, and furnish aid
And victual, 'twas a place of much resource,
Seated upon a river, nigh the shore,
With Spain in front and Africa before.

IV.

With horse and foot, of good or evil sort,
Marsilius throughout Spain their loss repairs;
And each armed bark in Barcellona's port,
Furnished through love or fear, for sea prepares.
The Moor to council daily calls his court;
Nor care nor cost the watchful monarch spares:
Meanwhile sore taxes and repeated cess,
All Africa's o'erburdened towns oppress.

V.

He offers Rodomont, if to his side
He will return, but offers him in vain,
Renowned Almontes' daughter, as a bride;
His cousin she, her portion Oran's reign.
He lures not from his bridge that knight of pride,
Who has so many sells, such plate and chain
Collected there, from cavaliers o'erthrown,
As serve to hide the monumental stone.

VI.

Marphisa would not such a course pursue:
Nay, the redoubted damsel hearing said,
'That Agramant, subdued by Charles's crew,
'—His choicest warriors taken, chased, or dead—
'In Arles was sheltered with his broken few,'
Thither, unbidden by the monarch, sped,
Prompt to assist him with her friendly blade;
And proffered purse and person in his aid.

VII.

As a free gift to him the martial fair
Brunello bore, nor had she done him wrong.
He, for ten days and nights, to swing in air,
Had sorely feared, from lofty gallows hung:
But seeing him unhelped by force or prayer
Of any one amid the paynim throng,
She thought foul scorn to stain her generous hands
With such base blood, and loosed the losel's bands.

VIII.

She pardoned every ancient injury,
And him to Agramant in Arles conveyed.
Well may you fancy with what joy and glee
The monarch greeted her who brought him aid;
He in Brunello's fate wills all shall see
In what esteem he holds that warlike maid;
For he in earnest does upon her foe
What fierce Marphisa menaced but in show.

IX.

The hangman hung his corpse in desert field,
The craving vulture and the crow to feed.
Rogero, that erewhile had been his shield,
And from the noose that caitiff would have freed,
Heaven's justice willed, now lay with wound unhealed,
Nor could assist the craven in his need;
And when the news were known, the knot was tied;
So that Brunello, unassisted, died.

X.

This while does good duke Aymon's daughter mourn,
Because those twenty days so slowly trail:
—Which term elapsed—Rogero should return,
And be received into her church's pale.
Time halts not more with him to foreign bourne
Exiled, with prisoner pent in noisome jail,
Pines the poor wretch for liberty and light,
Or his loved land, desired and gladsome sight!

XI.

Aye sick with hope deferred, the expecting maid,
That Phœbus' steeds were foundered one while deemed;
Then that his wheels were out of frame, so stayed,
Beyond the wonted term, his chariot seemed.
*Yet* longer than *that* day when Faith delayed
The sun, which on the righteous Hebrew beamed,
Or than *that* night Alcides was conceived,
She every day and every night believed.

XII.

How oft of dormouse, badger, or of bear,
The heavy slumber would she fain partake!
For she that time in sleep would waste and wear;
Nor such prolonged repose desired to break;
Nor wished the damsel any sound to hear,
Untill Rogero's voice should her awake:
But not alone is this beyond her power;
She cannot close her eyes one single hour.

XIII.

She here and there, throughout the livelong night,
Tosses and turns, nor ever finds repose;
And still, impatient for the dawn of light,
From time to time she to her window goes,
To see if Tithon's spouse the lily white
Yet scatters mingled with the crimson rose.
Nor less desires the damsel, when 'tis morn,
To see the golden stars the heavens adorn.

XIV.

When, saving some four days, the term was ended,
Appointed for the youthful warrior's stay,
She, full of hope, the messenger attended
From hour to hour, that should arrive, and say,
"Behold Rogero comes;" and oft ascended
A turret, from whose top she might survey
Gay champaign, wood, and, mid the wide expanse,
A portion of the road, that led to France.

XV.

When shining arms at distance she perceives,
Or any thing that speaks a cavalier,
'Tis her desired Rogero, she believes;
And her fair eyes and brows are seen to clear.
If footman, or unarmed, the maid conceives,
It is a courier from the youthful peer;
And, though fallacious every hope she feeds,
Another and another aye succeeds.

XVI.

And then she arms, and will the warrior meet;
And from the hill descends into the plain:
She finds him not, and to Montalban's seat
Hopes he by other road his way has ta'en.
In the design, wherewith she moved her feet
From thence, she to her fort returns in vain;
Nor finds him here nor there; meanwhile expired,
The period whose approach she so desired.

XVII.

—The period so prefixt o'erpast by one,
By two, three, six, by eight, by twenty days—
She seeing not her spouse, and tidings none
Receiving of the youth, laments 'gan raise,
Which had from snake-haired Furies pity won,
In those dark realms that Rhadamanthus sways.
She smote her eyes divine, and bosom fair;
She rent the tresses of her golden hair.

XVIII.

" Can it be true?"—(she cried)—" Shall I be fain
" To follow one, that strives to hide and fly?
" Esteem a man that has me in disdain?
" Pray him that never hears my suppliant cry?
" Suffer who hates me o'er my heart to reign?
" One that his lofty virtues holds so high,
" 'Twere need some heaven-born goddess should descend
" From realms above, his stubborn heart to bend?

XIX.

" Proud youth! he knows my worship and my love,
" Nor me will have for lover or for slave.
" The cruel stripling knows what pangs I prove,
" Yet will not aid me till I am in my grave.
" Nor let me tell my sorrows, lest they move
" Him his perverse and evil will to wave;
" Shunning me like malignant asp, that fears
" To change his mood, if he the charmer hears.

XX.

" Ah! Love, arrest this wight who runs so free,
" Outstripping my slow feet, or me install
" In the condition whence thou tookest me,
" Such as I was, ere thine or other's thrall.
" —Alas! how vain the hope! that thou shouldst be
" Ever to pity moved by suppliant call,
" Who sport, yea feed and live, in streams that rise
" From the distracted lover's brimming eyes.

XXI.

" But, woe is me, alas! and, what can I
" Save my irrational desire lament?
" Which makes me soar a pitch so passing high,
" I reach a region, where my plumes are brent;
" Then, unsustained, fall headlong from the sky;
" Nor ends my woe; on other flight intent,
" Again I imp my wings, again I soar;
" To flame and fall, tormented evermore.

XXII.

" Yea; rather of myself should I complain,
" Than the desire, to which I bared my breast
" Whereby was Reason hunted from her reign,
" And all my powers by stronger force opprest.
" Thus borne from bad to worse, without a rein,
" I cannot the unbridled beast arrest;
" Who makes me see I to destruction haste,
" That I more bitterness in death may taste.

XXIII.

" Yet, ah! why blame myself? Wherein have I
" Ever offended, save in loving thee?
" What wonder was it then that suddenly
" A woman's feeble sense opprest should be?
" Why fence and guard myself, lest bearing high,
" Wise words, and beauty rare should pleasure me?
" Most wretched is the mortal that would shun
" To look upon the visage of the sun.

XXIV.

" Besides that me my destiny entrained [1],
" Words, worthy credence, moved me much, that drew
" A picture of rare happiness, ordained
" As meed of this fair union to ensue.
" If these persuasive words were false and feigned,
" If famous Merlin's counsel was untrue,
" Wrath at the wizard may I well profess;
" But cannot therefore love Rogero less.

XXV.

" Both Merlin and Melissa have I need
" To blame, and shall for ever blame the twain,
" That, to exhibit suckers of my seed,
" Conjured up spirits from infernal reign,
" Who with this empty hope my fancy feed,
" Me in perpetual bondage to detain.
" Nor other cause for this can I suppose,
" Save that they grudge me safe and sweet repose."

XXVI.

Sorrow the maid so wholly occupies,
Room has she none for comfort or for rest.
Yet, maugre her affliction, Hope will rise,
And form a lodgement in her harassed breast;
And to the damsel's memory still supplies
Rogero's parting words to her addrest;
So makes her, in all seeming facts' despite,
Await from hour to hour the youthful knight.

XXVII.

For a month's space beyond those twenty days
This hope affords fair Bradamant content:
Hence sorrow not on her so heavy weighs
As it would else her harassed soul have shent.
She, one day that along the road she strays,
By which she oft to meet Rogero went,
Hears tidings, that of Hope—last comfort left—
(Like every other good) her breast bereft.

XXVIII.

Bound homeward from the hostile camp, where lay
King Agramant, she met a Gascon knight,
A prisoner to those paynims, from the day,
That fought nigh Paris was the famous fight.
The damsel prest him all he knew to say:
Then to the point she covets led the knight:
Asks of Rogero, on that theme abides,
Listens to that, nor aught inquires besides.

XXIX.

Of him a full account did he afford,
As well acquainted with the court; he said,
'How, matched with Mandricardo, strove that lord,
'And layed the martial king in combat dead.
'And how, sore wounded by the Tartar's sword,
'Above a month the stripling kept his bed:'
And had the stranger here but closed his news,
Well might his tale the missing knight excuse.

XXX.

But then subjoins the Gascon cavalier
'How in the Moorish camp a damsel lies,
'By name Marphisa hight, of beauteous cheer,
'Bold and as skilled in arms of every guise,
'Who loves Rogero and to him is dear;
'And then the host so rarely sundered spies,
'That every one, throughout the paynim train,
'Deems that betrothed in wedlock are the twain;

XXXI.

'And hope, when healed shall be the youthful knight,
'The marriage of those lovers will succeed;
'(For sure) with pleasure and sincere delight,
'Those tidings paynim prince and monarch read:
'Since, knowing either's superhuman might,
'They augur, from their loins will spring a breed,
'In little season, which shall pass in worth
'The mightiest race that ever was on earth.'

XXXII.

What he rehearsed, the Gascon knight believed,
Nor without cause believed the news he bore,
A rumour universally received
And bruited through the squadrons of the Moor;
Who had that notion of their love conceived
From signs of kindness witnessed evermore.
For—good or bad—though from one mouth it flows,
Fame to a boundless torrent quickly grows.

## XXXIII.

That she with him had brought the Paynim aid,
And ne'er was seen without the cavalier,
The first foundation of the rumour layed:
But what confirmed that fame in every ear,
Was, that she, having from the camp conveyed
The thief Brunello (as I sang whilere)
As if alone to see Rogero brought,
Had to the camp returned, uncalled, unsought.

## XXXIV.

She solely to the camp had ta'en her way,
To visit him that on a sick-bed smarted;
Nor once alone; but often all the day
There passed that maid, and but at eve departed:
Who gave yet greater cause of her to say,
That—known as one so haughty and hard-hearted,
Who all the world despised—she now was grown
Benign and humble to the Child alone.

## XXXV.

When Bradamant the Gascon's story heard,
That lady suffered such tormenting pain,
Such cruel woe her inmost bosom stirred,
From falling she preserved herself with pain.
She turned her courser round, without a word,
Inflamed with jealousy and fierce disdain:
From her all hope the wretched damsel spurns,
And to her chamber breathing wrath returns.

XXXVI.

Turned on her face, her body on the bed,
Armed as she is, the grieving damsel throws,
And that the sad lament by sorrow bred,
May be unheard of any, bites the clothes;
And so, repeating what the stranger said,
To such a pitch her smothered anguish grows,
Her plaints no longer able to restrain,
So vents the maid parforce her piteous pain:

XXXVII.

" Who ever can be trusted? woe is me!
" All false and cruel well may be esteemed,
" If thou, Rogero, false and cruel be,
" That I so pious and so faithful deemed.
" What foul and felon act, what treachery,
" Was ever yet by tragic poet dreamed,
" But will fall short of thine, if thou wilt set
" The sum of my desert, against thy debt?

XXXVIII.

" Wherefore, Rogero, since no cavalier
" Mates thee in beauteous form and daring feat,
" Since thou in matchless valour hast no peer,
" And none with thee in gentleness compete,
" Why cannot we, 'mid godlike gifts and clear,
" Allow thee truth, thy graces to complete?
" The praise of spotless truth to thee allow,
" To which all other virtues yield and bow?

## XXXIX.

" Knowest thou not, without it, worthless are
" All gentle bearing and all martial might?
" As there is nothing, howsoever fair,
" That can be seen without the aid of light.
" Easily mightest thou a maid ensnare,
" Lord as thou wast, and idol in her sight.
" Her with thy honied words thou might'st have won,
" To deem that cold and darksome was the sun.

## XL.

" Cruel what sin can trouble thee, if thou
" Do'st not her murder who loved *thee* repent?
" If held so lightly be a breach of vow—
" Beneath what burden will thy heart be bent?
" What treatment will thine adversary know,
" If one who loves like me thou so torment?
" Justice is none in heaven, I well may say,
" If Heaven its vengeance for my wrongs delay.

## XLI.

" If of all human sins of deepest dye
" Be fell ingratitude; if doomed to smart
" For this, the fairest angel of the sky
" Was banished into foul and darksome part;
" If mighty sins for mighty vengeance cry,
" Where due atonement cleanses not the heart;
" Beware lest thou beneath such vengeance groan,
" Ingrate! that wouldest not thy sin atone.

XLII.

" Cruel Rogero, I of theft, beside
" All other sins, may justly thee arraign.
" That thou my heart hast ravished from my side,
" —Of this offence I will not, I, complain—
" But, having made it mine, that thou defied
" All right, and took away thy gift again.
" Restore it; well thou know'st what pains requite
" His sin, who keeps what is another's right.

XLIII.

" Thou hast left *me*, Rogero; *thee* to leave,
" Alas! I neither will nor power possess.
" But will and power have I my life to reave,
" To scape from this o'erwhelming wretchedness.
" To die at strife with thee alone I grieve:
" For, had the gods so pleased my lot to bless,
" As to require my life, when loved of thee,
" Never so welcome had been death to me."

XLIV.

Resolved to die, 'twas so the damsel cried;
And starting from her bed, by passion warmed,
To her left breast her naked sword applied;
Then recollected she was wholly armed.
Meanwhile her better Spirit, at her side,
With these persuasive words her fury charmed:
" O lady, born to such illustrious name!
" Would'st thou conclude thy life with such foul shame?

XLV.

" Were it not better to the field to go,
" Where aye thy breath with glory may be spent?
" There, should Rogero chance to lay thee low,
" He to have slain thee haply may repent;
" But, should his faulchion deal the mortal blow,
" What death could ever yield thee more content?
" Reason it were thou should'st by him be slain,
" Who dooms thee living to such passing pain.

XLVI.

" Haply of that Marphisa, too, before
" Thou die, thou yet may deadly vengeance take,
" Who with dishonest love and treacherous lore
" Did thy beloved Rogero's fealty shake."
This seemed to please the mournful lady more
Than her first thought; and she forthwith bade make
A mantle for her arms, which should imply
Her desperation and desire to die.

XLVII.

The vest is of that colour which is spied
In leaf, when gray and yellow are at strife;
When it is gathered from the branch, or dried
Is the green blood, that was its parent's life.
Embroidered is the surcoat's outer side
With stems of cypress which disdain the knife;
Which shoot not, when by biting steel laid low.
A habit well according with her woe.

XLVIII.

She took the courser that was wont to bear
Astolpho, and with him the lance of gold,
By whose sole touch unhorsed all champions were.
Needless anew I deem it to unfold
Why by Astolpho given, and when and where,
Or how that spear obtained the warrior bold.
The lady took the lance, but nothing guessed
Of the stupendous virtue it possessed.

XLIX.

Without attendants, without squire, alone,
The hill descending by the nearest way,
Towards Paris is the mournful damsel gone,
Where camped erewhile the Moorish forces lay;
For yet to her the tidings were unknown,
That good Rinaldo and his bold array
Had raised, with Charles' and Malagigi's aid,
The siege the paynims had to Paris laid.

L.

—Cadurci, and Cahors[2] city left behind—
Bradamant sees the mountain, far and near,
Whence Dordogne's waters to the valley wind;
And Montferrant's and Clermont's towers appear:
When she, a lady fair, of semblance kind,
Beholds, by that same road, towards her steer.
Three knights were nigh, and—at the pommel hung—
A buckler from the damsel's saddle swung.

LI.

Before the lady and behind her ride
More squires and maids, a numerous company.
Fair Bradamant of one that past beside
Demanded, 'who the stranger dame might be?'
"That lady to the king of France" (replied
The squire) "is sent upon an embassy
"From THE LOST ISLE, which lies mid seas that roll
"Their restless waves beyond the northern pole.

LII.

"Some THE LOST ISLE, some Iceland call the reign.
"Whereof a royal lady fills the throne;
"Whose charms (before those charms all beauties wane)
"Are such as Heaven has dealt to her alone.
"The shield you see she sends to Charlemagne,
"But with the pact and purpose plainly shown,
"He should confer it on the knight, whose worth
"Is, in his judgment, fairest upon earth.

LIII.

"She, as she deems herself (and it is true
"She *is* the fairest of all womankind),
"A cavalier, that should in heart and thew
"Surpass all other warriors, fain would find;
"Resolved, should her a hundred thousand woo,
"None shall unfix the purpose of her mind;
"—But he, held worthiest by the world's accord,
"Alone shall be her lover and her lord.

LIV.

" In France, in royal Charles's famous court,
" The damsel hopes to find the cavalier,
" Who in a thousand feats of high report
" Has shown that he excels each puissant peer.
" All three are monarchs who the dame escort,
" And what their kingdoms ye as well shall hear.
" One Sweden rules, one Gothland, Norway one;
" Surpast in martial praise by few or none.

LV.

" These three, whose kingdoms at some distance lie,
" Yet the least distant lie from the LOST ISLE,
" (Because few mariners its shore descry,
" As little known, that island so they style),
" Wooed and yet woo her for a wife, and vie
" In valour, and, to win the lady's smile,
" Illustrious deeds have done, which Fame shall sound,
" While Heaven shall circle in its wonted round.

LVI.

" Yet she nor these will wed, nor cavalier
" That does not, as she deems, all else excell.
—' Lightly I hold your proofs of valour here,'
" (Those northern monarchs was she wont to tell)
' And if, like sun amid the stars, one peer
' Outshines his fellows, him I honour well:
' But therefore hold him not, in fierce alarms,
' Of living men the bravest knight at arms.

LVII.

'To Charlemagne, whom I esteem and hold
'As wisest among reigning kings, by me
'Shall be dispatched a costly shield of gold,
'On pact and on condition, that it be
'Bestowed on him, deemed boldest of the bold,
'Amid the martial ranks of chivalry.
'Serves he king Charlemagne or other lord,
'I will be governed by that king's award.

LVIII.

'If, when King Charles the buckler shall receive
'And give to one so stout, that best among
'All others he that warrior shall believe,
'Do they to his or other court belong,
'For me the golden buckler shall retrieve
'One of you three, in his own virtue strong;
'My every love and thought shall he possess;
'Him for my spouse and lord will I confess.'

LIX.

"Moved by these stirring speeches, hither hie
"From that wide-distant sea, those monarchs bold,
"Resolved to win the buckler, or to die
"Beneath his hand who has that shield of gold."
Bradamant ponders much the squire's reply:
He gives his horse the head—his story told—
And plies him so with restless heel and hand,
He overtakes the damsel's distant band.

LX.

After him gallops not, nor hurries ought,
Bradamant, who pursues her road at ease:
Much evermore revolving in her thought
Things that may chance, she finally foresees
That through the buckler by that damsel brought,
Will follow strife and boundless enmities,
Amid king Charles's peerage and the rest,
If with that shield he shall reward the best.

LXI.

This grieved the damsel's heart, but far above
That grief, the former fear her heart did goad;
That young Rogero had withdrawn his love
From her, and on the warlike queen* bestowed.
So buried in the thoughts wherewith she strove,
Was Bradamant, she heeded not her road,
Nor took she care where, at the close of light,
To find befitting shelter for the night.

LXII.

As when from squall, or other chance, a barge
Drives from the river-side[3], where late it lay,
Under no mariner or pilot's charge,
The winds and waves at will transport their prey;
So Rabican with Bradamant, at large,
—She musing on Rogero—wends his way.
For thence, by many miles, was distant wide
That mind which should her courser's bridle guide.

* Marphisa.

## LXIII.

She raised her eyes at last, and saw the sun
Had turned his back on Bocchus' towers and wall[4];
Then, like a cormorant, his journey done,
Into his nurse's lap beheld him fall,
Beyond Marocco; and for her to run
To tree, for shelter from the rising squall,
Had been a foolish thought; for now 'gan blow
A blustering wind, which threatened rain or snow.

## LXIV.

To better speed fair Bradamant aroused
Her courser, yet but little way did ride,
When with his flock, which on the champaign browsed,
Leaving the fields, a shepherd she espied.
To him where, well or ill, she might be housed,
—With many instances the maid applied—
'For never house could such ill shelter yield,
'But that in rain 'twere worse to lodge afield.'

## LXV.

To her the shepherd said, "I know of none
"Whereto I could direct you, near at hand.
"At least six leagues are distant all, but one,
"Named TRISTRAM'S TOWER, throughout the neighbouring land.
"But not to all men is the door undone;
"For it behoves that they, with lance in hand,
"Achieve their footing first and then defend,
"Who to be lodged within its walls pretend.

LXVI.

" If there be room within, to stranger knight
" The castellain gives kindly welcome there;
" But is a lodging claimed by other wight,
" To joust with all new comers makes him swear:
" If none, he need not move; but arm and fight
" He must what stranger thither shall repair;
" And he that worst his warlike arms shall ply,
" Must wander forth beneath the naked sky.

LXVII.

" If two, three, four, or more, seek shelter, they
" That first arrive, in peace their quarters take.
" Who follows, has a harder game to play;
" For war upon those many must he make.
" So, if one only in that mansion stay,
" He with those two, or more, a lance must break,
" Then with as many others as succeed:
" Thus he what strength he has shall sorely need.

LXVIII.

" As well, if wife or maid seek that repair,
" (Is she alone, is she accompanied),
" And afterwards another, the most fair
" Is housed; that other must without abide."
Bradamant asked the kindly shepherd where
That castle stood; and he with signs replied
As well as words, and pointed with his hand
Where, five or six miles wide, the tower did stand.

LXIX.

Though Rabican's good paces merit praise,
To hurry him the damsel has no skill,
By those so passing foul and broken ways,
(By season somewhat rainy rendered ill)
So, as to reach the tower, ere Night o'erlays
The world, whose every nook dark shadows fill.
Arrived, that lady finds the portal barred,
And 'that she seeks a lodging' tells the guard.

LXX.

He answers, 'that the place is occupied
'By dame and knight already housed, who, met
'About the fire, in that chill evening-tide,
'Wait till their supper he before them set.'
To him that maid; "The board is not supplied,
"I deem, for them, unless the meal be eat.
"Now, say I wait their coming," (she pursues,)
"Who know and will observe your castle's use."

LXXI.

The guard his message bore, where at their ease
Reposed the weary cavaliers; his tale
Not overlikely was those kings to please;
For cold and peevish blew the wintry gale,
And now fast fell the rain; yet, forced to seize
Their arms, they slowly don the martial mail.
The rest remain within; while *they* proceed
Against the damsel, but with little speed.

LXXII.

Three cavaliers they were, of might so tried,
Few champions but to them in prowess yield,
The same that she that very day, beside
The courier maid, encountered in the field,
They that in Iceland boasted, in their pride,
To bear away from France the golden shield:
Who (for they had the martial maid outrode)
Arrived before her at that lord's abode.

LXXIII.

In feats of arms few warriors were more stout;
But she besure will be among those few,
She, that on no account will wait without,
Fasting and wet, night's weary watches through.
Within from window and from lodge, the rout
Look forth, and will the joust by moonlight view,
Which streams from underneath a covering cloud;
Albeit the furious rain beats fast and loud.

LXXIV.

Such transport as the longing gallant cheers,
About to seize the stolen fruits of love,
When, after long delay, the listener hears
The bolt within its socket softly move,
Such transport cheered her, of those cavaliers
The prowess and the pith a-fire to prove,
When now the opened portals she descried,
And drawbridge dropt, and issuing knights espied.

LXXV.

When she beheld, how, of the drawbridge clear
Those knights, together or scarce sundered, came,
She took her ground; and next in fierce career,
With flowing bridle, drove the furious dame,
Levelling against those kings that virtuous spear,
Her cousin's gift, which never missed its aim;
Whose touch each warrior must unseat parforce;
Yea Mars, should Mars contend in mortal course.

LXXVI.

The king of Sweden, foremost of those knights,
In falling too is foremost of the train;
With such surpassing force his helmet smites
That spear, which never yet was couched in vain.
Gothland's good king next meets the maid, and lights
With feet in air, at distance on the plain.
The third (unhorsed by Aymon's beauteous daughter)
Half buried lies in mire and marshy water.

LXXVII.

When at three strokes she had unhorsed them all,
Lighting with head on earth and heels in air,
Retiring from the field, she sought the Hall,
In search of lodging; but, ere harboured there,
To issue forth, at whosoever's call,
Is, by the warder's hest, obliged to swear.
That lord who well had weighed her famous feats,
The damsel with surpassing honour greets.

LXXVIII.

So does by her the lady, that erewhile
Had thither journeyed, with those monarchs three,
As I related, sent from the LOST ISLE
To Francc's king, upon an embassy.
Kind as she is and affable of style,
She renders back the stranger's courtesy;
Rises to welcome her with smiling air,
And to the fire conducts that warlike fair.

LXXIX.

As Bradamant unarms, and first her shield,
And after puts her polished casque away,
A caul of shining gold, wherein concealed
And clustering close, her prisoned tresses lay,
She with the helmet doffs; and now revealed,
(While the long locks about her shoulders play,)
A lovely damsel by that band is seen,
No fiercer in affray than fair of mien.

LXXX.

As when the stage's curtain[5] is uprolled,
Mid thousand lamps, appears the mimic scene,
Adorned with arch and palace, pictures, gold,
And statues; or, as limpid and serene
The sun his visage, glorious to behold,
Unveils, emerging from a cloudy screen;
So when the lady doffs her iron case,
All paradise seems opened in her face.

LXXXI.

Already so well-grown and widely spread
Were the bright tresses which the hermit shore,
These, gathered in a knot, behind her head,
Though shorter than their wont, the damsel wore;
And he, that castle's master, plainly read,
(Who often had beheld her face before)
That this was Bradamant; and now he paid
Yet higher honours to the martial maid.

LXXXII.

With modest and with mirthful talk this while,
Seated about the fire, they feed the ear;
And in this way the weary time beguile
Till they are heartened with more solid cheer.
'If new or ancient were his castle's style,'
(Bradamant asks the courteous cavalier)
'By whom begun, and how it took its rise?'
And thus that castellain to her replies.

LXXXIII.

"When Pharamond of France possessed the throne,
"His son, prince Clodion, had a mistress rare;
"And damsel in that ancient age was none
"More graceful, beauteous, or more debonair;
"So loved of Pharamond's enamoured son,
"That he lost sight no oftener of the fair
"Than Io's shepherd of his charge whilere:
"For jealous as enamoured was the peer.

LXXXIV.

" Her in this mansion, which his sire bestowed,
" He kept, and rarely issued from his rest:
" With him were lodged ten cavaliers, allowed
" Through France to be the boldest and the best.
" Hither, while in this castle he abode,
" Sir Tristram and a dame their course addrest:
" Whom from a furious giant, in her need,
" Short time before that gentle knight had freed.

LXXXV.

" Sir Tristram and his lady reached the Hall,
" When now the sun had Seville left behind.
" They for admission on the porter call,
" Since they for ten miles round no shelter find.
" But Clodion, that loved much, and was withal
" Sore jealous, was determined in his mind
" No stranger in his keep should ever inn,
" So long as that fair lady lodged therein.

LXXXVI.

" When, after long entreaties made in vain,
" The castellain refused to house the knight,
" He said, ' What supplication cannot gain,
' I hope to make thee do in thy despite;'
" And loudly challenged him, with all his train,
" Those ten which he maintained, to bloody fight;
" Offering, with levelled lance and lifted glaive,
" To prove Sir Clodion a discourteous knave;

## LXXXVII.

' On pact, if he sate fast, and overthrown
' Should be the warder and his warlike rout,
' He in that castle should be lodged alone,
' And Clodion with his knights remain without.'
" Against him goes the king of France's son,
" At risque of death, to venge that galling flout;
" But falls astound; the rest partake his fate,
" And on the losers Tristram bars the gate.

## LXXXVIII.

" Entering the tower, he finds her harboured there
" Whereof I spake, so dear in Clodion's eyes;
" Whom SHE had equalled with the loveliest fair,
" Nature, so niggard of such courtesies.
" With her Sir Tristram talks, while fell despair
" Aye-racks the houseless prince in horrid wise.
" Who prays the conquering knight, with suppliant cry,
" Not to his arms the damsel to deny.

## LXXXIX.

" Though she small worth in Tristram's sight possess,
" Nor any, saving Yseult, please his sight[6],
" Nor other dame to love or to caress,
" The philtre, drunk erewhile, allows the knight;
" Yet, for he would that foul discourteousness
" Of Clodion with a fit revenge requite,
" He cries, ' I deem it were foul wrong and sore,
' If on such beauty I should shut the door.

XC.

'And, should Sir Clodion grieve beneath the tree
'To lodge alone, and company demand;
'Although less beautiful, I have with me
'A fair and youthful damsel, here at hand,
'Who, I am well content, his mate shall be,
'And do in all things, as he shall command.
'But she that is most fair to the most strong,
'Meseemeth, in all justice should belong.'

XCI.

"Shut out all night, the moody Clodion strayed,
"Puffing and pacing round his lofty tower,
"As if that prince the sentinel had played
"On them, that slept at ease in lordly bower:
"Him, sorer far than wind and cold dismayed
"That lovely lady's loss in Tristram's power:
"But he, with pity touched, upon the morrow,
"Rendered her back, and so relieved his sorrow.

XCII.

'Because,' he said, and made it plain appear,
'Such as he found her, he returned the fair;
'And though for his discourtesy whilere,
'Clodion had every scorn deserved to bear,
'He was content with having made the peer
'Outwatch the weary night in open air.
'Accepting not that cavalier's excuse,
'Who would have thrown on Love his castle's use.

XCIII.

'For Love should make a churlish nature kind,
'And not transform to rude a gentle breast.'
"When Tristram hence was gone, not long behind
"Remained the enamoured prince who changed his rest:
"But first he to a cavalier consigned
"The tower; whereof that baron he possest,
"On pact, that he and his in the domain
"Henceforth this usage ever should maintain;"

XCIV.

That cavalier of greatest heart and power
'Should in this hall be harboured without fail:
'They that less worthy were should void the tower,
'And seek another inn, by hill or dale.
'In fine, that law was fixt, which to this hour
'Endures, as you have seen;' while so his tale
To Bradamant recounts that castle's lord,
The sewer with savoury meats has heaped the board.

XCV.

In the great hall that plenteous board was laid,
(None fairer was in all the world beside)
Then came he where those beauteous ladies stayed,
And them, with torches lit, did thither guide.
On entering, Bradamant the room surveyed,
And she, that other fair, on every side;
Who as they gaze about the gorgeous hall,
Filled full of picture, mark each storied wall.

XCVI.

So beauteous are the figures, that instead
Of eating, on the painted walls they stare;
Albeit of meat they have no little need,
Who wearied sore with that day's labour are.
With grief the sewer, with grief the cook takes heed,
How on the table cools the untasted fare.
Nay, there is one amid the crowd, who cries,
"First fill your bellies, and then feast your eyes."

XCVII.

The guests were placed, and now about to eat,
When suddenly bethought that castellain,
To house two damsels were a thing unmeet;
One lady must dislodge, and one remain;
The fairest stay, and she least fair retreat,
Where howls the wind, where beats the pattering rain.
Because they separate came, 'tis ordered so;
One lady must remain, one lady go.

XCVIII.

The lord some matrons of his household crew
Calls, with two elders, in such judgments wise;
He marks the dames, and bids them of the two
Declare which is most beauteous in their eyes;
And all, upon examination due,
Cry, Aymon's daughter best deserves the prize,
And vouch as she in might those kings outweighed,
No less in beauty she surpassed the maid.

XCIX.

The warder cries to that Islandic dame,
Who of her sentence has a shrewd suspicion,
" O lady, let it be no cause of blame,
" That we observe our usage and condition;
" To seek some other rest must be thine aim,
" Since, by our universal band's admission,
" Though unadorned that martial maid be seen,
" Thou canst not match her charms and lovely mien."

C.

As in a moment's time a cloud obscure
Steams from the bottom of some marshy dale,
Which the sun's visage, late so bright and pure,
Mantles all over with its dingy veil;
So that poor damsel, sentenced to endure,
Without, the pelting shower and blustering gale,
Is seen to change her cheer, and is no more
The fair and mirthful maid she was before.

CI.

The maid turns pale, and all her colour flies,
Who dreads so stern a sentence to obey:
But generous Bradamant, in prudent guise,
Who could not bear to see her turned away,
Cried to that baron, " Partial and unwise
" Your judgment seems, as well all judgments may,
" Wherein the losing party has not room
" To plead, before the judge pronounces doom.

CII.

" I, who this cause take on me to defend,
" Say (whether fairer or less fair I be)
" I came not as a woman, nor intend
" That now mine actions shall be womanly.
" But, saving I undress, who shall pretend
" To say I am or am not such as she?
" Neither should aught be said but what we know,
" And least of all what works another woe.

CIII.

" Many, as well as I, long tresses wear,
" Yet are not therefore women; if, as guest,
" I have admittance gained to your repair,
" Like woman or like man, is manifest:
" Then why should I the name of woman bear,
" That in my actions stand a man confest?
" 'Tis ruled that woman should a woman chase;
" Not that a knight a woman should displace.

CIV.

" Grant we (what I confess not howsoe'er)
" That you the woman in my visage read;
" But that in beauty I am not her peer:
" Not therefore, deem I, of my valour's meed
" Ye would deprive me, though in beauteous cheer
" The palm I to that damsel should concede.
" 'Twere hard, because I yield to her in charms,
" That I should forfeit what I won in arms.

CV.

" And if it be your usage, that the dame
" Who yields in beauty, from your tower must went
" Here to remain I my design proclaim,
" Should my resolve have good or evil end.
" Hence I infer, unequal were the game,
" If she and I in beauty should contend:
" For if such strife 'twixt her and me ensues,
" Nought can the damsel gain, and much may lose;

CVI.

" And save the gain and loss well balanced be
" In every match, the contest is unfair.
" So that by right, no less than courtesy,
" May she a shelter claim in your repair.
" But are there any here that disagree,
" And to impugn my equal sentence dare,
" Behold me prompt, at such gainsayer's will,
" To prove my judgment right, his judgment ill!"

CVII.

Bradamant—grieved that maid of gentle kind
Should from that castle wrongfully be sped,
To bide the raging of the rain and wind,
Where sheltering house was none, nor even shed—
With reasons good, in wary speech combined,
Persuades that lord; but mostly what she said
On ending, silences the knight; and he
Allows the justice of that damsel's plea.

CVIII.

As when hot summer sun the soil has rived,
And most the thirsty plant of moisture drains,
The weak and wasting flower, well nigh deprived
Of that quick sap which circled in its veins,
Sucks in the welcome rain, and is revived;
So, when bold Bradamant so well maintains
The courier maid's defence, her beauteous cheer
And mirth revive, and brighten as whilere.

CIX.

At length the supper, which had long been dight,
Nor yet was touched, enjoys each hungry guest;
Nor any further news of errant knight
Them, seated at the festive board, molest;
All, saving Bradamant, enjoy, whose sprite,
As wont, is still afflicted and opprest.
For that suspicious fear, that doubt unjust,
Which racked her bosom, marred the damsel's gust.

CX.

The supper done—brought sooner to a close
Haply from their desire to feast their eyes—
First of the set, Duke Aymon's daughter rose,
And next the courier maid is seen to rise.
With that the warder signs to one, that goes
And many torches fires in nimble wise;
Whose light on storied wall and ceiling fell.
What followed shall another canto tell.

# NOTES TO CANTO XXXII.

1.

*Besides that me my destiny entrained, &c.*

Stanza xxiv. line 1.

To illustrate the difficulties experienced by those who are zealous and jealous in the cause of *English*, I will mention that two very accomplished friends of mine objected to two words, one in this, and one in the preceding stanza, which I have left standing. One observed, that *entrained* could not be found in Johnson's Dictionary; and the other, that *to shun* was not recognized in it as a verb neuter. *Entrained* is, however, justified by the following line of Harrington:

"By other's sugared words I was *entrained*."

And *to shun to do*, &c. by a passage in the translation of the New Testament, in which St. Paul says, "I have not *shunned to* proclaim the glory of God."—*Acts*, ch. 20. v. 27.

2.

*Cadurci and Cahors city, &c.*

Stanza l. line 1.

"The Cadurci, in ancient geography, were a people of Aquitania, situated between the rivers Oldus, running from the north, and the Tarnis from the south. Cahors is the modern name of their capital."—*Encycl.*

3.

*As when from squall, or other chance, a barge*
*Drives from the river-side, &c.*

Stanza lxii. lines 1 and 2.

Ut subito propriam, prensâ tellure, carinam
Tangentem portum, ventus in alta rapit.

4.

*She raised her eyes at last, and saw the sun*
*Had turned his back on Bocchus' towers and wall.*

Stanza lxiii. lines 1 and 2.

I have looked in vain for *Bocchus's city* in dictionaries and in Sallust's history of the Jugurthine war. I must therefore be contented with stating from Lempriere that he was "a king of Gætulia who perfidiously delivered Jugurtha to Sylla, the lieutenant of Marius."

The Italian commentators say nothing respecting *the city of Bocchus*, but are full of information respecting Morocco.

5.

*As when the stage's curtain, &c,*

Stanza lxxx. line 1.

This stanza may serve as another proof of the superiority of Italy in refinement to England in the time of Ariosto; for we here see such a description of scenery as is witnessed in our best theatres in the present day; whereas we know that our best theatres at that time exhibited only such decorations, &c. as would not now be tolerated in the basest of our barns.

The idea of this illustration is taken from Ovid.

Sic ubi tolluntur festis aulea theatris, &c.

The second comparison,

*Or as the glorious sun, &c.*

is also taken from Ovid.

Qualis ubi oppositam nitidissima solis imago
Evicit nubem.

6.

*Nor any, saving Yseult, please his sight, &c.*

Stanza lxxxix. line 2.

Sir Tristram and Yseult became passionately and exclusively enamoured of each other from having drunk a philtre.

7.

*As when hot summer sun, &c.*

Stanza cviii. line 1.

Ut cum sole malo tristique rosaria pallent,
. . . . . cum clara dies Zephyrique refecit
Aura polum, redit omnis honos demissaque lucent
Germina, et informes ornat sua gloria virgas.

STATIUS.

# THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## CANTO XXXIII.

## ARGUMENT.

*Bradamant sees in picture future fight*
*There, where she gained admission by the spear.*
*From combat cease, upon Bayardo's flight,*
*Gradasso and Montalban's cavalier.*
*While soaring through the world, the English knight*
*Arrives in Nubia's distant realm, and here*
*Driving the Harpies from the royal board,*
*Hunts to the mouth of hell that impious horde.*

# THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## CANTO XXXIII.

---

I.

TIMAGORAS, Parrhasius, Polygnote[1],
Protogenes, renowned Apollodore,
Timanthes, and Apelles, first of note,
Zeuxis and others, famous heretofore,
Whose memory down the stream of Time will float,
While we their wreck and labours lost deplore,
Whose fame will flourish still in Fate's despite,
(Grammercy authors!) while men read and write;

II.

And those, yet living or of earlier day,
Mantegna, Leonardo, Gian Belline,
The Dossi, and, skilled to carve or to pourtray,
Michael, less man than angel and divine,
Bastiano, Raphael, Titian, who (as they
Urbino and Venice) makes Cadoro shine;
With more, whose works resemble what we hear
And credit of those spirits, famed whilere;

III.

The painters we have seen, and others, who
Thousands of years ago in honour stood,
Things which had been with matchless pencil drew,
Some working upon wall, and some on wood.
But never, amid masters old or new,
Have ye of pictures heard or pictures viewed
Of things to come; yet such have been pourtrayed
Before the deeds were done which they displayed.

IV.

Yet let not artist, whether new or old,
Boast of his skill such wondrous works to make;
But leave this feat to spell, wherewith controlled
The spirits of the infernal bottom quake.
The hall, whereof in other strain I told,
With volume sacred to Avernus' lake,
Or Norsine grot[2], through subject Demons' might,
Was made by Merlin in a single night.

V.

That art, whereby those ancients erst pourtrayed
Such wonders, is extinguished in our day.
But to the troop, by whom will be surveyed
The painted chamber, I return, and say;
A squire attendant, on a signal made,
Bore thither lighted torches, by whose ray
Were scattered from that hall the shades of night,
Nor this in open day had shown more bright.

VI.

When thus the castle's lord addressed that crew:
" Know, of adventures in this chamber wrought,
" Up to our days, have yet been witnessed few;
" A warfare storied, but its fields unfought.
" Who limned the battles, these as well foreknew.
" Here of defeats to come and victories taught,
" Whate'er in Italy our host befalls
" You may discern as painted on these walls.

VII.

" The wars, wherein French armies should appear,
" Beyond the Alps, of foul event or fair,
" Even from his days until the thousandth year,
" By the prophetic Merlin painted were.
" Hither Great Britain's monarch sent the seer,
" To him, that of King Marcomir was heir:
" Why hither sent, and why this hall was made,
" At the same time to you shall be displayed.

VIII.

" King Pharamond, the first of those that passed
" The Rhine, amid his Franks' victorious train,
" When Gaul was won, bethought him how to cast
" On restive Italy the curbing rein;
" And this; that evermore he wasting fast
" Beheld the Roman empire's feeble reign;
" And (for both reigned at once) would make accord,
" To compass his design, with Britain's lord.

IX.

" The royal Arthur, by whom nought was done
" Without the ripe advice of Merlin sage,
" (Merlin, I say, the Devil's mighty son,
" Well versed in what should chance in future age,)
" Knowing through him, to Pharamond made known,
" He would in many woes his host engage,
" Entering that region, which, with rugged mound,
" Apennine parts, and Alp and sea surround.

X.

" To him sage Merlin shows, that well nigh all
" Those other monarchs that in France will reign,
" By murderous steel will see their people fall,
" Consumed by famine, or by fever slain;
" And that short joy, long sorrow, profit small,
" And boundless ill shall recompense their pain;
" Since vainly will the lily seek to shoot
" In the Italian fields its withered root.

XI.

" King Pharamond so trusted to the seer,
" That he resolved to turn his arms elsewhere;
" And Merlin, who beheld with sight as clear
" The things to be, as things that whilom were,
" 'Tis said, was brought by magic art to rear
" The painted chamber at the monarch's prayer;
" Wherein whatever deeds the Franks shall do,
" As if already done, are plain to view.

XII.

" That king who should succeed, might comprehend,
" As he renown and victory would obtain,
" Whene'er his friendly squadrons should defend
" From all barbarians else the Italian reign;
" So, if to damage her he should descend,
" Thinking to bind her with the griding chain,
" —Might comprehend, I say, and read his doom—
" How he beyond these hills should find a tomb."

XIII.

So said, he leads the listening ladies where
Those pictured histories begin; to show
How Sigisbert his arms will southward bear
For what imperial Maurice shall bestow[3].
" Behold him from the Mount of Jove repair[4]
" Thither where Ambra and Ticino flow!
" Eutar behold[5], who not alone repels,
" But puts the foe to flight, and routs and quells.

XIV.

" Where they with Clovis tread the mountain way[6],
" More than a hundred thousand warriors trace;
" See Benevento's duke the monarch stay,
" Whose thinner files his hostile army face.
" Lo! these who feign retreat an ambush lay.
" Lo! where through danger, havoc, and disgrace,
" The Franks, who to the Lombard wine-fat hie,
" Drugged by the bait, like poisoned mullets die.

XV.

" Where Childibert the boundary hills has crost[7],
" Heading what bands of France and captains, see;
" Yet shall no more than baffled Clovis boast
" The conquest or the spoil of Lombardy.
" Heaven's sword descends so heavy on his host,
" Choked with their bodies every road shall be;
" So pined with watery flux and withering sun,
" That, out of ten, unharmed returns not one."

XVI.

He shows King Pepin, shows King Charlemagne[8];
How into Italy their march they bend;
And one and the other fair success obtain,
Because her land they came not to offend.
But Stephen one, the other Adriane,
And, after, injured Leo, would defend.
This quells Astolpho, and that takes his heir,
And re-establishes the papal chair.

XVII.

A youthful Pepin of the royal line
He after shows; who seemed to spread his host,
Even from THE KILNS to the isle of Palestine[9];
And with a bridge, achieved at mighty cost,
At Malamocco, to bestride the brine,
And on Rialto's shore his battle post.
Then fly and leave his drowning bands behind,
His bridge destroyed by wasting waves and wind.

XVIII.

" Burgundian Lewis ye behold descend [10]
" Thither with his invading squadrons, where,
" Vanquished and taken, nevermore to offend
" With hostile arms, he is compelled to swear.
" Behold! he slights his solemn oath—to wend,
" Anew, with reckless steps, into the snare.
" Lo! there he leaves his eyes; and his array,
" Blind as the moldwarp, hence their lord convey.

XIX.

" You see him named from Arles, victorious Hugh [11],
" From Italy the Berengari chase!
" Whom, quelled and broken twice and thrice, anew
" Now the Bavarians, now the Huns, replace.
" O'ermatched, he then for peace is fain to sue;
" Nor long survives, nor he who fills his place;
" To Berengarius yielding his domains,
" Who, repossest of all his kingdom, reigns.

XX.

" You see, her goodly pastor to sustain,
" Another Charles set fire to Italy;
" Who has two kings in two fierce battles slain,
" Manfred and Conradine, and after see
" His bands, who seem to vex the new-won reign
" With many wrongs, and who dispersedly
" —Some here, some there—in different cities dwell.
" Slain on the tolling of the vesper-bell [12]."

XXI.

He shows them next (but after interval,
'Twould seem, of many and many an age, not years)
How, " through the Alps, a captain out of Gaul,
" To war upon the great Viscontis, steers [13];
" And seems to straiten Alexandria's wall,
" Girt with his forces, foot and cavaliers:
" A garrison within, an ambuscade
" Without the works, the warlike duke has laid;

XXII.

" And the French host, decoyed in cunning wise
" Thither where the surrounding toils are spread,
" Conducted on that evil enterprise
" By Armagnac, the Gallic squadron's head,
" Slaughtered throughout the spacious champaign lies,
" Or is to Alexandria captive led:
" While, swoln not more with water than with blood,
" Tanarus purples wide Po's ample flood."

XXIII.

Successively that castellain displayed
One hight of Marca [14], of the Anjouites three.
How " Marsi, Daunians, Salentines," (he said)
" And Bruci, these shall oft molest, you see:
" Yet not by Frank or Latian's friendly aid
" Shall one delivered from destruction be.
" Lo! from the realm, as oft as they attack,
" Alphonso and Gonsalvo beat them back.

XXIV.

" You see the eighth Charles, amid his martial train,
" The flower of France, through Alpine pass has pressed[15].
" Who Liris fords, and takes all Naples' reign,
" Yet draws not sword nor lays a lance in rest:
" All, save that rock[16] which—Typheus' endless pain—
" Lies on the giant's belly, arms, and breast:
" By Inigo del Guasto here withstood,
" Derived from Avalo's illustrious blood."

XXV.

The warder of the castle, who makes clear
To beauteous Bradamant that history,
Says, having shown her Ischia's island, " Ere
" I lead you further other things to see,
" I 'll tell what my great-grandfather whilere
" —I then a child—was wont to tell to me.
" Which in like manner (that great-grandsire said),
" As well to him his father whilome read;

XXVI.

" And *his* from sire or grandsire heard recite;
" So son from sire; even to that baron, who
" Heard it related by the very wight,
" That these fair pictures without pencil drew,
" Which you see painted azure, red, and white.
" He when to Pharamond (as now to you)
" Was shown the castle on the rocky mount *,
" Heard him relate the things I now recount.

* Ischia.

XXVII.

" Heard him relate, how in that fortilage
" From that good knight should spring, who, 'twould appear,
" Guards it so well, he scorns the fires that rage,
" Even to the Pharo, flaming far and near,
" Then, or within short space, and in that age,
" (And named the week and day, as well as year,)
" A noble warrior, unexcelled in worth
" By other, that has yet appeared on earth.

XXVIII.

" Nereus less fair[17], Achilles was less strong,
" Less was Ulysses famed for daring feat;
" Nestor, that knew so much and lived so long,
" Less prudent; nimble Ladas was less fleet;
" Less liberal and less prompt to pardon wrong,
" Cæsar, whose praises ancient tales repeat.
" So that, compared with him, in Ischia born,
" Each might appear of vaunted virtues shorn;

XXIX.

" And if illustrious Crete rejoiced of old
" In giving birth to Cœlus' godlike heir;
" If Thebes in Hercules and Bacchus bold,
" If Delos boasted of her heavenly pair,
" Nought should as well this happy isle withhold
" From lifting high her glorious head in air,
" When that great marquis shall in her be born,
" Whom with its every grace shall Heaven adorn.

XXX.

" Sage Merlin said—and oft renewed that say—
' He was reserved to flourish in an age,
' When most opprest the Roman empire lay,
' That he might free that holy heritage:
' But as some deeds of his I must display
' Hereafter, these I will not now presage.'
" So spake that wizard, and renewed the story,
" Which told of Charlemagne's predestined glory.

XXXI.

' Lewis,' (so learned Merlin said,) ' is woe
' To have brought to Italy King Charlemagne,
' Whom he called in to harass, not o'erthrow
' That ancient rival of his goodly reign;
' At his return declares himself his foe,
' And, leagued with Venice, would the king detain.
' Behold that valiant monarch couch his spear,
' And in his foes' despite a passage clear.

XXXII.

' But his new kingdom leaving to his band,
' Far other destiny awaits that throng:
' For, with the Mantuan's friendly succour manned,
' Gonsalvo to the war returns so strong,
' He leaves not in few months, by sea or land,
' One living head, his slaughtered troops among.
' But then, because of one by treason spent,
' In him appears the joy of triumph shent.' "

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XXXIII.

So saying, to his guests the cavalier
Alphonso, of Pescara hight, displayed [18]:
" Who in a thousand feats will shine more clear
" Than the resplendent carbuncle," he said.
" Behold, deceived by faithless treaty, here,
" Mid snares by the malignant Æthiop laid,
" Transfixt with deadly dart the warrior lies,
" In whom that age's worthiest champion dies."

XXXIV.

Under Italian escort next they see
Where the twelfth Lewis o'er the hills is gone [19];
Has by its roots uptorn the mulberry,
And in Viscontis' land the lilies sown:
" Treading in Charles's steps, by him shall be
" Bridges athwart the Garigliano thrown.
" Yet after shall he mourn his army's slaughter,
" Dispersed and drowning in that fatal water."

XXXV.

(The lord pursues) " with no less overthrow,
" Broken in Puglia, see the Gallic train.
" In him who twice entraps the routed foe,
" Gonsalvo you behold, the pride of Spain.
" Fortune to Lewis a fair face shall show,
" As late a troubled mien, upon that plain,
" Which even to where vext Adria pours her tides,
" Po, between Alp and Apennine, divides."

XXXVI.

The host reproved himself, while so he said,
And pieced his tale, as having left untold
Things first in order; next to them displayed
A royal castle by its warder sold.
A prisoner by the faithless Switzer made,
He shows the lord who hired him with his gold[20]:
Which double treason, without couching lance,
Has given the victory to the king of France.

XXXVII.

That warder then shows Cæsar Borgia, grown
Puissant in Italy[21], through this king's grace;
For all Rome's peerage, and all lords that own
Her sway, he into exile seems to chase:
Then shows the king, that will the saw take down,
And papal acorns in Bologna place[22]:
Then Genoa's burghers, by this monarch broke[23],
And rebel city stooping to his yoke.

XXXVIII.

"You see," (pursues that warder,) "how with dead
"Covered is Ghiâradada's green champaign[24].
"It seems each city opes her gates through dread;
"And Venice scarce her freedom can maintain.
"You see he suffers not the Church's head,
"Passing the narrow confines of Romagne,
"Modena from Ferrara's duke to reave;
"Who would not to that prince a remnant leave.

XXXIX.

" Nay he Bologna rescues from his sway;
" Whither the Bentivogli them betake.
" You next see Lewis siege to Brescia lay,
" And the close-straitened city storm and take;
" Felsina almost at the same time stay
" With succour, and the papal army break;
" And next, 'twould seem, that either hostile band
" Lies tented upon Chassis' level strand.

XL.

" On this side France, upon the other Spain,
" Extend their files, and battle rages high;
" Fast fall the men at arms in either train,
" And the green earth is tinged with crimson dye.
" Flooded with human gore seems every drain;
" Mars doubts to whom to give the victory;
" When through Alphonso's worth[25] the Spaniards yield,
" And the victorious Franks maintain the field;

XLI.

" And, for Ravenna sacked and ravaged lies,
" The Roman pastor bites his lips through woe;
" Called by him, from the hills, in tempest's guise,
" Swoop the fierce Germans on the fields below.
" It seems each Frenchman unresisting flies,
" Chased by their bands beyond the mountain snow,
" And that they set the mulberry's thriving shoot
" There, whence they plucked the golden lily's root.

XLII.

" Behold the Frank returns, and here behold
" Is broken, by the faithless Swiss betrayed[96],
" He, that his royal father seized and sold,
" Whose succour dearly by the youth is paid.
" Those over whom false Fortune's wheel had rolled,
" Erewhile, beneath another king arraid,
" You here behold, preparing to efface
" With vengeful deed Novara's late disgrace;

XLIII.

" And see with better auspices return
" The valiant Francis, foremost of his train,
" Who so shall break the haughty Switzer's horn,
" That little short of spent their bands remain;
" And them shall nevermore the style adorn,
" Usurped by that foul troop of churlish vein,
" Of scourge of princes, and the faith's defence,
" To which those rustics rude shall make pretence.

XLIV.

" Lo! he takes Milan, in the league's despite:
" Lo! with the youthful Sforza makes accord:
" Lo! Bourbon[97] the fair city keeps, in right
" Of Francis, from the furious German horde:
" Lo! while in other high emprize and fight
" Elsewhere is occupied his royal lord,
" Nor knows the pride and licence of his host,
" Through these the city shall anew be lost.

XLV.

" Lo! other Francis[28] who his grandsire's vein
" Inherits, not his generous name alone!
" Who by the Church's favour will regain
" —The Gaul expelled—a land which was his own.
" France too returns, but keeps a tighter rein,
" Nor over Italy, as wont, has flown:
" For Mantua's noble duke the foe shall stay,
" And, at Ticino's passage, bar his way.

XLVI.

" Though on his cheek youth's blossoms scarce appear,
" Worthy immortal glory, Frederick shines;
" And well that praise deserves, since by his spear,
" But more by care and skill, Pavia's lines
" Against the French defends that cavalier,
" And frustrates the sea-lion's* bold designs.
" You see two marquises, Italia's boast,
" And both, alike the terror of our host.

XLVII.

" Both of one blood and of one nest they are;
" The foremost is the bold Alphonso's seed,
" Whom, led by that false black into the snare,
" You late beheld in purple torrent bleed.
" You see defeated by his counsel ware,
" How oft the Franks from Italy recede.
" The next, of visage so benign and bright,
" Is lord of Guasto and Alphonso hight;

* Venice.

XLVIII.

" This is that goodly knight, whose praise you heard
" When rugged Ischia's island I displayed,
" Of whom sage Merlin, with prophetic word,
" To Pharamond such mighty matters said;
" Whose birth should to that season be deferred,
" When more than ever such a champion's aid,
" Against the barbarous enemy's attack,
" Vext Italy, and Church, and Empire lack.

XLIX.

" He in his cousin of Pescara's rear,
" —Prosper Colonna, chief of that emprize—
" Makes the rude Switzer pay Bicocca dear[29],
" Paid by the Frenchman in yet dearer wise.
" Behold where France prepares for fresh career,
" And to repair her many losses tries.
" Behold one host on Lombardy descend!
" Behold that other against Naples wend!

L.

" But she, that moves us like the dust which flies
" Before the restless wind, which whirls it round,
" Lifts it aloft awhile, and from the skies
" Blows back anew the rising cloud to ground,
" To a hundred thousand swells, in Francis' eyes,
" The soldiers who Pavia's walls surround.
" The monarch sees but that which he commands,
" Nor marks how wax or waste his leaguering bands.

LI.

" 'Tis thus that, through the greedy servant's sin,
" And easy sovereign's goodness, on his side,
" The files beneath his banners muster thin,
" When in his midnight camp, ' to arms,' is cried,
" For by the wary Spaniards charged within
" His ramparts is he; foes that with the guide
" Of Avalo's fair lineage, would assay
" To make to heaven or hell their desperate way.

LII.

" You see the best of the nobility
" Of all fair France extinguished on the field;
" How many swords, how many lances, see
" The Spaniards round the valiant monarch wield.
" Behold! his horse falls under him; yet he
" Will neither own himself subdued, or yield;
" Though to assault him from all sides is run
" By wrathful bands, and succour there is none.

LIII.

" The monarch well defends him from the foe,
" All over bathed with blood of hostile vein.
" But valour stoops at last to numbers; lo!
" The king is taken, is conveyed to Spain;
" And all upon Pescara's lord bestow
" And him of that inseparable twain—
" Of Guasto hight—the praise and prime renown
" For that great king captived and host o'erthrown.

LIV.

" This host o'erthrown upon Pavia's plains,
" That, bound for Naples, halts upon its way:
" As an ill-nourished lamp or taper wanes,
" For want of wax or oil, with flickering ray.
" Lo! the king leaves his sons in Spanish chains,
" And home returns, his own domain to sway.
" Lo! while in Italy he leads his band,
" Another wars upon his native land [30].

LV.

" In every part you see how Rome is woe [31],
" Mid ruthless rapine, murder, fire, and rape.
" See all to wasting rack and ruin go,
" And nothing human or divine escape.
" The league's men hear the shrieks, behold the glow
" Of hostile fires, and lo! they backward shape
" Their course, where they should hurry on their way,
" And leave the pontiff to his foes a prey.

LVI.

" Lautrec the monarch sends with other bands;
" Yet not anew to war on Lombardy;
" But to deliver from rapacious hands
" The Church's head and limbs, already free,
" So slowly he performs the king's commands.
" Next, overrun by him the kingdom see,
" And his strong arms against the city turned,
" Wherein the Syren's body lies inurned [32].

LVII.

" Lo! the imperial squadrons thither steer[35],
" Aid to the leaguered city to convey;
" And lo! burnt, sunk, destroyed, they disappear,
" Encountered by the Doria in mid-way.
" Behold! how Fortune light does shift and veer,
" So friendly to the Frenchman till this day!
" Who slays their host with fever, not with lance;
" Nor of a thousand one returns to France."

LVIII.

These histories and more the pictures shew,
(For to tell all would ask too long a strain)
In beauteous colours and of different hue;
Since such that hall, it these could well contain.
The paintings twice and thrice those guests review,
Nor how to leave them knows the lingering train,
'Twould seem; perusing oft what they behold
Inscribed below the beauteous work in gold.

LIX.

When with these pictures they their sight had fed,
And talked long while—those ladies and the rest—
They to their chambers by that lord were led,
Wont much to worship every worthy guest.
Already all were sleeping, when her bed
At last Duke Aymon's beauteous daughter prest.
She here, she there, her restless body throws,
Now right, now left, but vainly seeks repose:

LX.

Yet slumbers towards dawn, and in a dream
The form of her Rogero seems to view.
The vision cries: " Why vex yourself, and deem
" Things real which are hollow and untrue?
" Backwards shall sooner flow the mountain-stream
" Than I to other turn my thought from you.
" When you I love not, then unloved by me
" This heart, these apples of mine eyes, will be.

LXI.

" Hither have I repaired (it seemed he said)
" To be baptized and do as I professed.
" If I have lingered, I have been delaid,
" By other wound than that of Love opprest."
With that he vanished from the martial maid,
And with the vision broken was her rest.
New floods of tears the awakened damsel shed,
And to herself in this sad fashion said:

LXII.

" What pleased was but a dream; alas! a sheer
" Reality is this my waking bane;
" My joy a dream and prompt to disappear,
" No dream my cruel and tormenting pain.
" Ah! wherefore what I seemed to see and hear,
" Cannot I, waking, see and hear again?
" What ails ye, wretched eyes, that closed ye show
" Unreal good, and open but on woe?

LXIII.

" Sweet sleep with promised peace my soul did buoy,
" But I to bitter warfare wake anew;
" Sweet sleep but brought with it fallacious joy,
" But—sure and bitter—waking ills ensue.
" If falsehood so delight and truth annoy,
" Never more may I see or hear what 's true!
" If sleeping brings me weal, and watching woe,
" The pains of waking may I never know!

LXIV.

" Blest animals that sleep through half the year,
" Nor ope your heavy eyelids, night nor day!
" For if such tedious sleep like death appear,
" Such watching is like life, I will not say,
" Since—such my lot, beyond all wont, severe—
" I death in watching, life in sleep assay.
" But oh! if death such sleep resemble, Death,
" Even now I pray thee stop my fleeting breath!"

LXV.

The clouds were gone, the horizon overspread
With glowing crimson by the new-born sun,
And in these signs, unlike the past, was read
A better promise of the day begun:
When Bradamant upstarted from her bed,
And armed her for the journey to be done,
Her thanks first rendered to the courteous lord,
For his kind cheer and hospitable board.

LXVI.

And found, the lady messenger, with maid
And squire, had issued from the castled hold,
And was a-field, where her arrival stayed
Those three good warriors, those the damsel bold
The eve before had on the champaign laid,
Cast from their horses by her lance of gold;
And who had suffered, to their mighty pain,
All night, the freezing wind and pattering rain.

LXVII.

Add to such ill, that, hungering sore for food,
They and their horses, through the livelong night,
Trampling the mire, with chattering teeth, had stood:
But (what well-nigh engendered more despite
—Say not well nigh—more moved the warrior's mood)
Was that they knew the damsel would recite
How they had been unhorsed by hostile lance
In the first course which they had run in France;

LXVIII.

And—each resolved to die or else his name
Forthwith in new encounter to retrieve—
That Ulany, the message-bearing dame,
(Whose style no longer I unmentioned leave),
A fairer notion of their knightly fame
Than heretofore, might haply now conceive,
Bold Bradamant anew to fight defied,
When of the drawbridge clear they her descried;

LXIX.

Not thinking, howsoe'er, she was a maid,
Who in no look or act the maid confest;
Duke Aymon's daughter, loth to be delaid,
Refuses, as a traveller that is pressed.
But they so often and so sorely prayed,
That she could ill refuse the kings' request.
Her lance she levels, at three strokes extends
All three on earth, and thus the warfare ends:

LXX.

For Bradamant no more her courser wheeled,
But turned her back upon the foes o'erthrown.
They, that intent to gain the golden shield,
Had sought a land so distant from their own,
Rising in sullen silence from the field
(For speech with all their hardihood was gone)
Appeared as stupefied by their surprise,
Nor to Ulania dared to lift their eyes.

LXXI.

For they, as thither they their course addrest,
Had vaunted to the maid in boasting vein,
'No paladin or knight with lance in rest,
'Against the worst his saddle could maintain.'
To make them vail yet more their haughty crest,
And look upon the world with less disdain,
She tells them, by no paladin or peer
Were they unhorsed, but by a woman's spear.

LXXII.

" Now what of Roland's and Rinaldo's might,
" Not without reason held in such renown,
" Ought you to think (she said) when thus in fight
" Ye by a female hand are overthrown?
" Say, if the buckler one of these requite,
" —Better than by a woman ye have done,
" Will ye by those redoubted warriors do?
" So think not I, nor haply think so you.

LXXIII.

" This may suffice you all; and need is none
" A clearer proof of prowess to display;
" And who desires, if rashly any one
" Desires, again his valour to assay,
" Would add but scathe to shame, now made his own;
" Now; and the same to-day as yesterday.
" Unless perchance he thinks it praise and gain,
" By such illustrious warriors to be slain."

LXXIV.

When they by Ulany were certified
A woman's hand had caused their overthrow,
Who with a deeper black than pitch had dyed
Their honour, heretofore so fair of show;
And more than ten her story testified,
Where one sufficed—with such o'erwhelming woe
Were they possest, they with such fury burned,
They well nigh on themselves their weapons turned.

LXXV.

What arms they had upon them, they unbound,
And cast them, stung by rage and fury sore,
Into the moat which girt that castle round,
Nor even kept the faulchions which they wore;
And, since a woman them had cast to ground,
O'erwhelmed with rage and shame, the warriors swore,
Themselves of such a crying shame to clear,
'They, without bearing arms, would pass a year;

LXXVI.

'And that they evermore afoot would fare
'Up hill or down, by mountain or by plain,
'Nor, when the year was ended, would they wear
'The knightly mail or climb the steed again;
'Save that from other they by force should bear,
'In battle, other steeds and other chain.
'So, without arms, to punish their misdeeds,
'These wend a-foot, those others on their steeds.'

LXXVII.

Lodged in a township at the fall of night,
Duke Aymon's daughter, journeying Paris-ward,
Hears how King Agramant was foiled in fight.
Good harbourage withal of bed and board,
She in her hostel found; but small delight
This and all comforts else to her afford.
For the sad damsel meat and sleep foregoes,
Nor finds a resting place; far less repose.

LXXVIII.

But so I will not on her story dwell,
As not to seek anew the valiant twain;
Who, by consent, beside a lonely well,
Had tied their goodly coursers by the rein.
I of their war to you somedeal will tell,
A war not waged for empire or domain,
But that the best should buckle to his side
Good Durindana, and Bayardo ride.

LXXIX.

No signal they, no trumpet they attend,
To blow them to the lists, no master who
Should teach them when to foin and when to fend,
Or wake their sleeping wrath; their swords they drew:
Then, one against the other, boldly wend,
With lifted blades, the quick and dextrous two.
Already 'gan the champions' fury heat,
And fast and hard their swords were heard to beat.

LXXX.

None e'er by proof two other faulchions chose
For sound and solid, able to endure
Three strokes alone of such conflicting foes,
Passing all mean and measure; but so pure,
So perfect was their temper, from all blows
By such repeated trial so secure,
They in a thousand strokes might clash on high
—Nay more, nor yet the solid metal fly.

LXXXI.

With mickle industry, with mighty pain
And art, Rinaldo, shifting here and there,
Avoids the deadly dint of Durindane,
Well knowing how 'tis wont to cleave and tear.
Gradasso struck with greater might and main,
But well nigh all his strokes were spent in air;
Or, if he sometimes smote, he smote on part,
Where Durindana wrought less harm than smart.

LXXXII.

Rinaldo with more skill his blade inclined,
And stunned the arm of Sericana's lord.
Him oft he reached where casque and coat confined,
And often raked his haunches with the sword:
But adamantine was his corslet's rind,
Nor link the restless faulchion broke or bored.
If so impassive was the paynim's scale,
Know, charmed by magic was the stubborn mail.

LXXXIII.

Without reposing they long time had been,
Upon their deadly battle so intent,
That, save on one another's troubled mien,
Their angry eyes the warriors had not bent.
When such despiteous war and deadly spleen,
Diverted by another strife, were spent.
Hearing a mighty noise, both champions turn,
And good Bayardo, sore bested, discern.

## LXXXIV.

They good Bayardo by a monster view,
—A bird, and bigger than that courser—prest.
Above three yards in length appeared to view
The monster's beak; a bat in all the rest.
Equipt with feathers, black as ink in hue,
And piercing talons was the winged pest;
An eye of fire it had, a cruel look,
And, like ship-sails, two spreading pinions shook.

## LXXXV.

Perhaps it was a bird; but when or where
Another bird resembling this was seen
I know not, I, nor have I any where,
Except in Turpin, heard that such has been.
Hence that it was a fiend, to upper air
Evoked from depths of nether hell I ween;
Which Malagigi raised by magic sleight,
That so he might disturb the champions' fight.

## LXXXVI.

So deemed Rinaldo too: and contest sore
'Twixt him and Malagigi hence begun;
But he would not confess the charge; nay swore,
Even by the light which lights the glorious sun,
That he might clear him of the blame he bore,
He had not that which was imputed done.
Whether a fiend or fowl, the pest descends,
And good Bayardo with his talons rends.

## LXXXVII.

Quickly the steed, possessed of mickle might,
Breaks loose, and, in his fury and despair,
Against the monster strives with kick and bite;
But swiftly he retires and soars in air:
He thence returning, prompt to wheel and smite,
Circles and beats the courser, here and there.
Wholly unskilled in fence, and sore bested,
Bayardo swiftly from the monster fled.

## LXXXVIII.

Bayardo to the neighbouring forest flies,
Seeking the closest shade and thickest spray;
Above the feathered monster flaps, with eyes
Intent to mark where widest is the way.
But that good horse the greenwood threads, and lies
At last within a grot, concealed from day.
When the winged beast has lost Bayardo's traces,
He soars aloft, and other quarry chases.

## LXXXIX.

Rinaldo and Gradasso, who descried
Bayardo's flight, the conqueror's destined meed,
The battle to suspend, on either side,
Till they regained the goodly horse, agreed,
Saved from that fowl which chased him, far and wide;
Conditioning whichever found the steed,
With him anew should to that fountain wend,
Beside whose brim their battle they should end.

XC.

Quitting the fount, they follow, where they view
New prints upon the forest greensward made:
By much Bayardo distances the two,
Whose tardy feet their wishes ill obeyed.
Himself the king on his Alfana threw,
That near at hand was tethered in the glade,
Leaving his foe behind in evil plight;
—Never more malcontent and vext in sprite.

XCI.

Rinaldo ceased in little time to spy
Bayardo's traces, who strange course had run;
And made for thorny thicket, wet or dry,
Tree, rock, or river, with design to shun
Those cruel claws, which, pouncing from the sky,
To him such outrage and such scathe had done.
Rinaldo, after labour vain and sore
To await him at the fount returned once more;

XCII.

In case, as erst concerted by the twain,
The king should thither with the steed resort;
But having sought him there with little gain,
Fared to his camp afoot, with piteous port.
Return we now to him of Sericane,
He that had sped withal in other sort,
Who, not by judgement, guided to his prey,
But his rare fortune, heard Bayardo neigh;

XCIII.

And found him shrowded in his caverned lair,
So sore moreover by his fright oppresst,
He feared to issue into open air:
Thus of that horse himself the king possest.
Well he remembered their conditions were
To bring him to the fount; but little pressed
Now was that knight to keep the promise made,
And thus within himself in secret said:

XCIV.

"Win him who will, in war and strife, I more
"Desire in peace to make the steed my own:
"From the world's further side, did I of yore
"Wend hitherward, and for this end alone.
"Having the courser, he mistakes me sore,
"That thinks the prize by me will be foregone.
"Him would Rinaldo conquer, let him fare
"To Ind, as I to France have made repair.

XCV.

"For him no less secure is Sericane,
"Than twice for me has been his France," he said,
And pricked for Arles, along the road most plain,
And in its haven found the fleet arrayed.
Freighted with him, the steed and Durindane,
A well-rigged galley from that harbour weighed.
Of these hereafter!—I, at other call,
Now quit Rinaldo, king, and France, and all.

XCVI.

Astolpho in his flight will I pursue,
That made his hippogryph like palfrey flee,
With reins and sell, so quick the welkin through;
That hawk and eagle soar a course less free.
O'er the wide land of Gaul the warrior flew
From Pyrenees to Rhine, from sea to sea.
He westward to the mountains turned aside,
Which France's fertile land from Spain divide.

XCVII.

To Arragon he past out of Navarre,
—They who beheld, sore wondering at the sight—
Then, leaves he Tarragon behind him far,
Upon his left, Biscay upon his right:
Traversed Castile, Gallicia, Lisbon, are
Seville and Cordova, with rapid flight;
Nor city on sea-shore, nor inland plain,
Is unexplored throughout the realm of Spain.

XCVIII.

Beneath him Cadiz and the strait he spied,
Where whilom good Alcides closed the way;
From the Atlantic to the further side
Of Egypt, bent o'er Africa, to stray;
The famous Balearic isles descried,
And Ivica, that in his passage lay;
Toward Arzilla then he turned the rein,
Above the sea that severs it from Spain.

XCIX.

Morocco, Fez, and Oran, looking down,
Hippona, Argier, he, and Bugia told,
Which from all cities bear away the crown,
No palm or parsley wreath, but crown of gold;
Noble Biserta next and Tunis-town,
Capys, Alzerba's isle, the warrior bold,
Tripoli, Berniche, Ptolomitta viewed,
And into Asia's land the Nile pursued.

C.

'Twixt Atlas' shaggy ridges and the shore,
He viewed each region in his spacious round;
He turned his back upon Carena hoar,
And skimmed above the Cyrenæan ground;
Passing the sandy desert of the Moor,
In Albajada, reached the Nubian's bound;
Left Battus' tomb behind him on the plain[34],
And Ammon's, now dilapidated, fane.

CI.

To other Tremizen he posts, where bred
As well the people are in Mahound's style;
For other Æthiops then his pinions spread,
Which face the first, and lie beyond the Nile.
Between Coallee and Dobada sped,
Bound for the Nubian city's royal pile;
Threading the two, where, ranged on either land,
Moslems and Christians watch, with arms in hand.

CII.

In Æthiopia's realm Senapus reigns,
Whose sceptre is the cross; of cities brave,
Of men, of gold possest, and broad domains,
Which the Red Sea's extremest waters lave.
A faith well nigh like ours that king maintains,
Which man from his primæval doom may save.
Here, save I err in what their rites require,
The swarthy people are baptized with fire[35].

CIII.

Astolpho lighted in the spacious court,
Intending on the Nubian king to wait.
Less strong than sumptuous is the wealthy fort,
Wherein the royal Æthiop keeps his state,
The chains that serve the drawbridge to support,
The bolts, the bars, the hinges of the gate,
And finally whatever we behold
Here wrought in iron, there is wrought in gold.

CIV.

High prized withal, albeit it so abound,
Is that best metal[36]; lodges built in air
Which on all sides the wealthy pile surround,
Clear colonnades with crystal shafts upbear.
Of green, white, crimson, blue and yellow ground,
A frieze extends below those galleries fair.
Here at due intervals rich gems combine,
And topaz, sapphire, emerald, ruby shine.

CV.

In wall and roof and pavement scattered are
Full many a pearl, full many a costly stone.
Here thrives the balm; the plants were ever rare,
Compared with these, which were in Jewry grown.
The musk which we possess from thence we bear,
From thence on other shores is amber thrown.
In fine those products from this clime are brought,
Which in our regions are so prized and sought.

CVI.

The soldan, king of the Egyptian land,
Pays tribute to this sovereign, as his head,
They say, since having Nile at his command
He may divert the stream to other bed.
Hence, with its district upon either hand,
Forthwith might Cairo lack its daily bread.
Senapus him his Nubian tribes proclaim;
We Priest and Prester John the sovereign name[37].

CVII.

Of all those Æthiop monarchs, beyond measure,
The first was this, for riches and for might;
But he with all his puissance, all his treasure,
Alas! had miserably lost his sight.
And yet was this the monarch's least displeasure;
Vexed by a direr and a worse despite;
Harassed, though richest of those Nubian kings,
By a perpetual hunger's cruel stings.

CVIII.

Whene'er to eat or drink the wretched man
Prepared, by that resistless need pursued,
Forthwith—infernal and avenging clan—
Appeared the monstrous Harpies' craving brood;
Which, armed with beak and talons, overran
Vessel and board, and preyed upon the food;
And what their wombs suffice not to receive,
Foul and defiled the loathsome monsters leave.

CIX.

And this; because upborn by such a tide
Of full blown honours, in his unripe age,
For he excelled in heart and nerve, beside
The riches of his royal heritage,
Like Lucifer, the monarch waxed in pride,
And war upon his maker thought to wage.
He with his host against the mountain went,
Where Egypt's mighty river finds a vent.

CX.

Upon this hill which well-nigh kissed the skies[38],
Piercing the clouds, the king had heard recite,
Was seated the terrestrial paradise,
Where our first parents flourished in delight.
With camels, elephants, and footmen hies
Thither that king, confiding in his might;
With huge desire if peopled be the land
To bring its nations under his command.

CXI.

God marred the rash emprise, and from on high
Sent down an angel, whose destroying sword
A hundred thousand of that chivalry
Slew, and to endless night condemned their lord.
Emerging, next, from hellish caverns, fly
These horrid harpies and assault his board;
Which still pollute or waste the royal meat,
Nor leave the monarch aught to drink or eat.

CXII.

And him had plunged in uttermost despair
One that to him erewhile had prophesied
'The loathsome Harpies should his daily fare
'Leave unpolluted only, when astride
'Of winged horse, arriving through the air,
'An armed cavalier should be descried.'
And, for impossible appears the thing,
Devoid of hope remains the mournful king.

CXIII.

Now that with wonderment his followers spy
The English cavalier so make his way,
O'er every wall, o'er every turret high,
Some swiftly to the king the news convey.
Who calls to mind that ancient prophecy,
And heedless of the staff, his wonted stay,
Through joy, with outstretched arms and tottering feet,
Comes forth, the flying cavalier to meet.

CXIV.

Within the castle court Astolpho new,
And there, with spacious wheels, on earth descended:
The king, conducted by his courtly crew,
Before the warrior knelt, with arms extended,
And cried; "Thou angel sent of God, thou new
"Messiah, if too sore I have offended,
"For mercy, yet, bethink thee, 'tis our bent
"To sin, and thine to pardon who repent.

CXV.

"Knowing my sin, I ask not, I, to be
"—Such grace I dare not ask—restored to light;
"For well I ween such power resides in thee,
"As Being accepted in thy Maker's sight.
"Let it suffice, that I no longer see,
"Nor let me with perpetual hunger fight.
"At least, expel the harpies' loathsome horde,
"Nor let them more pollute my ravaged board;

CXVI.

"And I to build thee, in my royal hold[39],
"A holy temple, made of marble, swear,
"With all its portals and its roof of gold,
"And decked, within and out, with jewels rare.
"Here shall thy mighty miracle be told
"In sculpture, and thy name the dome shall bear."
So spake the sightless king of Nubia's reign,
And sought to kiss the stranger's feet in vain.

CXVII.

" Nor angel"—good Astolpho made reply—
" Nor new Messiah, I from heaven descend;
" No less a mortal and a sinner I,
" To such high grace unworthy to pretend.
" To slay the monsters I all means will try,
" Or drive them from the realm which they offend.
" If I shall prosper, be thy praises paid
" To God alone, who sent me to thine aid.

CXVIII.

" Offer these vows to God, to him well due;
" To him thy churches build, thine altars rear."
Discoursing so, together wend the two,
'Mid barons bold, that king and cavalier.
The Nubian prince commands the menial crew
Forthwith to bring the hospitable cheer;
And hopes that now the foul, rapacious band,
Will not dare snatch the victual from his hand.

CXIX.

Forthwith a solemn banquet they prepare
Within the gorgeous palace of the king:
Seated alone here guest and sovereign are,
And the attendant troop the viands bring.
Behold! a whizzing sound is heard in air,
Which echoes with the beat of savage wing.
Behold! the band of harpies thither flies,
Lured by the scent of victual from the skies.

CXX.

All bear a female face of pallid dye[40],
And seven in number are the horrid band;
Emaciated with hunger, lean, and dry;
Fouler than death; the pinions they expand
Ragged, and huge, and shapeless to the eye;
The talon crook'd; rapacious is the hand;
Fetid and large the paunch; in many a fold,
Like snake's, their long and knotted tails are rolled.

CXXI.

The fowls are heard in air; then swoops amain
The covey well nigh in that instant, rends
The food, o'erturns the vessels, and a rain
Of noisome ordure on the board descends.
To stop their nostrils king and duke are fain;
Such an insufferable stench offends.
Against the greedy birds, as wrath excites,
Astolpho with his brandished faulchion smites.

CXXII.

At croup or collar now he aims his blow,
Now strikes at neck or pinion; but on all,
As if he smote upon a bag of tow,
The strokes without effect and languid fall.
This while nor dish nor goblet they forego;
Nor void those ravening fowls the regal hall,
Till they have feasted full, and left the food
Waste or polluted by their rapine rude.

CXXIII.

That king had firmly hoped the cavalier
Would from his royal seat the harpies scare.
He now, that hope foregone, with nought to cheer,
Laments, and sighs, and groans in his despair.
Of his good horn remembers him the peer,
Whose clangours helpful aye in peril are,
And deems his bugle were the fittest mean
To free the monarch from those birds unclean;

CXXIV.

And first to fill their ears, to king and train,
With melted wax, Astolpho gives command;
That every one who hears the deafening strain
May not in panic terror fly the land.
He takes the reins, his courser backs again,
Grasps the enchanted bugle in his hand;
And to the sewer next signs to have the board
Anew with hospitable victual stored.

CXXV.

The meats he to an open gallery bears,
And other banquet spreads on other ground.
Behold, as wont, the harpy-squad appears;
Astolpho quickly lifts the bugle's round;
And (for unguarded are their harassed ears)
The harpies are not proof against the sound;
In terror from the royal dome they speed,
Nor meat nor aught beside the monsters heed.

CXXVI.

After them spurs in haste the valiant peer:
And on the winged courser forth is flown,
Leaving beneath him, in his swift career,
The royal castle and the crowded town;
The bugle ever pealing, far and near.
The harpies fly towards the torrid zone;
Nor light until they reach that loftiest mountain
Where springs, if anywhere, Nile's secret fountain.

CXXVII.

Almost at that aërial mountain's feet,
Deep under earth, extends a gloomy cell.
The surest pass for him, as they repeat,
That would at any time descend to hell.
Hither the predatory troop retreat,
As a safe refuge from the deafening yell.
As far, and farther than Cocytus' shore
Descending, till that horn is heard no more.

CXXVIII.

At that dark, hellish inlet, which a way
Opens to him who would abandon light,
The terrifying bugle ceased to bray;
—The courser furled his wings and stopt his flight.
But, ere Astolpho further I convey,
—Not to depart from my accustomed rite—
Since on all sides the paper overflows,
I shall conclude my canto and repose.

# NOTES TO CANTO XXXIII.

1.

*Timagoras, Parrhasius, Polygnote.*

Stanza i. line 1.

In the wish to abridge, as much as possible, what is already too voluminous, I must refer such readers as are uninformed respecting the Greek and Italian masters mentioned in these stanzas, to the Classical Dictionary, or Lives of the Painters by Lanzi or Vassari.

2.

*Or Norsine grot, &c.*

Stanza iv. line 7.

In a mountain of Norsia is the Sibyl's grot or cavern.

3.

*How Sigisbert his arms will southward bear*
*For what imperial Maurice shall bestow.*

Stanza xiii. lines 3 and 4.

Maurice, emperor of Constantinople, who by large offers incited Sigisbert to this expedition.—HOOLE.

4.

*Behold him from the Mount of Jove repair.*

Stanza xiii. line 5.

One of the passes of the Alps, says an Italian commentator, but says not which.

5.

*Eutar behold, &c.*

Stanza xiii. line 7.

Eutar, king of the Lombards, cut off Sigisbert's retreat. —H.

6.

*Where they with Clovis tread the mountain way, &c.*

Stanza xiv. line 1.

"Clovis, king of France, marched with a great army into Italy against the Lombards, and thought, by taking advantage of the civil discords that sprung up amongst them, to obtain an easy conquest. The duke of Benevento, having few forces to oppose him, feigned at first an intention of attacking him, and then retreating, left his camp full of provisions and wine. The Franks entered the camp, the soldiers gave themselves up to excess till they were intoxicated, and the duke coming upon them in the night, when they were asleep, killed every man." —H.

7.

*Where Childibert the boundary hills has crost.*

Stanza xv. line 1.

"Childibert, uncle of Clovis, desirous of revenging the death of his nephew, sent three generals, with three great armies, into Lombardy, against the duke of Benevento. One general dying, his army joined the other two; but a dreadful distemper breaking out amongst them, and they being disappointed of the succours which they expected from the emperor, the remainder returned home."—H.

8.

*But Stephen one, that other Adriane,*
*And after injured Leo, would defend.*

Stanza xvi. lines 5 and 6.

"Stefano, the second, being raised to the papal chair, Astolpho, king of Lombardy, disturbed the tranquillity of the church: the pope, endeavouring to conciliate him with gifts, had recourse to Pepin, king of France, for assistance, who passed into Italy, and compelled Alphonso to sue for peace. Pepin having left Italy, Alphonso recommenced hostilities against the pope, and was once more compelled by Pepin to make peace. To Pope Adrian succeeded Leo III., who, being ill treated by the Romans, and threatened with imprisonment, fled to Charlemagne, who sent him with great honours to Rome, and afterwards coming there himself, was anointed by the pontiff emperor of the Romans."—H.

9.

*A youthful Pepin of the royal line*
*He after shows; who seemed to spread his host,*
*Even from* THE KILNS *to the isle of Palestine.*

Stanza xvii. lines 1, 2, 3.

In the original,

Lor mostra appresso un giovine Pipino
Che con sua gente par che tutto copra
Da le Fornaci al lito Palestino.

Palestina (in Venetian *Pelestrina*) is an island about six miles beyond Murrano, another islet situated about a mile from Venice, where *Le Fornaci* (the kilns, or as we should say, glass-houses) are situated. Palestina was, I suppose, the Italian name of *Pelestrina* in Ariosto's time; as *lito Palestino* is the reading of all the editions which I have seen.

That Hoole or any translator should blunder in Italian localities might in many cases afford small ground for censure; but his translation of this passage can hardly be excused on the plea of local ignorance.

'A youthful Pepin there his legions pours
That from *Fornaci* reach to *Juda's shores**.'

I will remark with respect to another line in this stanza, that when Ariosto says,

*And on Rialto's shore his battle post,*

he does not mean *the bridge*, mistakenly so called by almost all modern English writers on Italy except Mr. Rogers, but *the island* which was the first seat of Venetian empire, afterwards transferred to St. Mark's. To confound *Rialto* with *the bridge of Rialto* is (as it has been well remarked) the same thing as to confound Westminster with Westminster-bridge.

10.

*Burgundian Lewis ye behold descend.*

Stanza xviii. line 1.

"Lewis of Burgundy, making an expedition into Italy, was conquered by the Emperor Berengarius I. and made prisoner, but set at liberty on his taking an oath never more to invade Italy. The Burgundian, afterwards forgetting his oath, renewed hostilities, and being again taken prisoner by Berengarius II. was, as a punishment for his breach of faith, deprived of his sight; and in this condition he returned home."—H.

11.

*You see him named from Arles, victorious Hugh.*

Stanza xix. line 1.

"Hugh, count of Arles, called in by the Italians to their assistance against the Berengarii: he succeeded greatly at first, but, being afterwards overpowered, was constrained to ask for peace, and retired to Arles, leaving his son Lothario behind him, who soon after died."—H.

12.

*You see, her goodly pastor to sustain, &c.*

Stanza xx.

"Pope Clement IV. invited Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Lewis, king of France, against Manfred, an enemy to the church,

* Hoole, book 33, lines 121—2.

who had usurped the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. Charles arriving overthrew Manfred at Benevento, slew him, and took possession of Sicily. Conradine, to whom the kingdom belonged in right of succession, brought a force from Germany and engaged Charles, but was defeated, made prisoner, and beheaded. Charles reigned in Sicily, and the French began to exercise great tyranny over the Sicilians, and, among other enormities, committed violence on their women. Hence a plot was concerted all over the island, that as soon as the vesper bell rang, the inhabitants, ready armed, should sally forth from their houses, and fall upon their oppressors. This was put into execution, and eight thousand French were slain to revenge the dishonour offered to the Sicilians in the persons of their wives."—H.

I will observe, with reference to this fact, that *cecere*, the shibboleth used on this occasion, is still the Sicilian's word of threat, though all memory of the transaction is lost among the people. It is his equivalent for the Italian's "*Tu me la pogherai*," or, "Thou shalt pay for it."

13.

*How, through the Alps, a captain out of Gaul,*
*To war upon the great Viscontis, steers.*

Stanza xxi. lines 3 and 4.

"The count of Armagnac came with twenty thousand French soldiers in aid of the Florentines and Bolognese, against Galeazzo duke of Milan, who, having left a numerous garrison in Alexandria, with the rest of his forces attacked the enemy, at the same time that they were attacked by those from the city, and cut all the Franks to pieces; the count dying soon after of his wounds in prison."—H.

14.

*Successively that castellain displayed*
*One hight of Marca, &c.*

Stanza xxiii. lines 1 and 2.

"Joan queen of Naples took for her husband James count

of Marca, who was descended from the kings of France, on condition that he should be contented with the title of prince of Tarantò, duke of Calabria, and vicar of the kingdom, and that the administration of public affairs should remain with her. But he, attempting to seize the whole government, calling himself king, she, with the assistance of Francis Sforza, deprived him of all. Ludovico, Rinieri, and John of Anjou, asserting their pretensions to the crown, were severally defeated by Alphonso and Ferrando: these the poet calls the Angioini or Anjouites."—H.

15.

*You see the eighth Charles, amid his martial train,*
*The flower of France, through Alpine pass has pressed.*

Stanza xxiv. lines 1 and 2.

"Charles VIII. king of France, assisted by Ludovico Sforza, duke of Milan, a mortal enemy to Alphonso of Arragon, king of Naples, came, with all the French nobility and a vast army, into Italy. Alphonso, giving way to the better fortune of Charles, left the kingdom to his son Ferrando, and retired with his treasures to Sicily. Ferrando, unable to make head against the Franks, was soon divested of all his fortresses and places except the Isle of Ischia, gallantly defended by Inigo del Guasto. At length all the princes of Italy, alarmed at the rapid victories of Charles, entered into a league against him: and the Neapolitans, detesting the haughty government of the Franks, recalled Ferrando, who, assisted by the Venetians, recovered the kingdom."—H.

16.

*All save that rock, &c.*

Stanza xxiv. line 5.

Ischia.

17.

*Nereus less fair, &c.*

Stanza xxviii. line 1

"Nereus was a Grecian commander, celebrated for the beauty of his person by Homer. Ladas was the name of a messenger of Alexander the Great, remarkable for his swiftness, mentioned by Catullus, Martial, and Solinus."—H.

18.

*So saying, to his guests the cavalier*
*Alphonso, of Pescara hight, displayed.*

Stanza xxxiii. lines 1 and 2.

"After the departure of Charles VIII. King Ferrando was received into Naples, and only one castle held out for the Franks, when a Moorish slave devised a scheme to introduce the Arragonese into the church of the Santa Croce. This treacherous Moor, calling the marquis one night to a parley on the walls, shot him with an arrow in the throat."—H.

19.

*Under Italian escort next they see*
*Where the twelfth Lewis o'er the hills is gone, &c.*

Stanza xxxiv. lines 1 and 2.

"Lewis the XIIth, king of France, successor to Charles VIII. and a constant enemy to Ludovico Sforza, had resolved to take from him the government; for which intent he made a league with Pope Alexander VI., with the Venetians, and with Ferrando king of Spain. He thus drove Ludovico from his government, who fled to the emperor of Germany.

"Under the symbol of a mulberry-tree the poet figures the above mentioned Ludovico Sforza, who was called il Moro (a mulberry-tree) from the darkness of his complexion."—H.

20.

*A prisoner by the faithless Switzer made,*
*He shows the lord who hired him with his gold.*
Stanza xxxvi. lines 5 and 6.

"The Swiss, being corrupted by the bribes of the French, betrayed Ludovico to them; who was carried into France, where he died, after five years' imprisonment."—H.

21.

*That warder then shows Cæsar Borgia, grown*
*Puissant in Italy, &c.*
Stanza xxxvii. lines 1 and 2.

"Cæsar Borgia, son of Pope Alexander VI., who, by the favour of Lewis XII. king of France, took to wife Charlotte d'Alabrette of the blood royal, he having renounced the cardinal's hat."—H.

22.

*Then shows the king, that will the saw take down,*
*And papal acorns in Bologna place.*
Stanza xxxvii. lines 5 and 6.

The saw was the arms of the Bentivogli, and the acorns those of Pope Julius II.

23.

*Then Genoa's burghers, by this monarch broke.*
Stanza xxxvii. line 7.

"The Genoese having created Paulo de Nove doge, a man taken from the dregs of the people, and asserted at the same time that Genoa was not subject to any prince, Lewis marched against them with a powerful army, and the city surrendered to him at discretion."—H.

24.

*You see, (pursues that warder,) how with dead*
*Covered is Ghiâradadà's green champaign.*

Stanza xxxviii. lines 1 and 2.

"The Venetians sent a numerous army, who engaged the army of the French at Ghiaradada, though contrary to the opinion of the Venetian general. After an obstinate battle, the Venetians were defeated with great loss; the gates of Bergamo, Brescia, and Cremona were thrown open to Lewis; many other places surrendered to him, and he prepared to attack Venice itself."—H.

25.

*When through Alphonso's worth, &c.*

Stanza xl. line 7.

"Alphonso duke of Ferrara."—H.

26.

*Behold the Frank returns, and here behold*
*Is broken, by the faithless Swiss betrayed, &c.*

Stanza xlii. lines 1 and 2.

"King Lewis, exasperated at being driven out of Italy, made a peace and league with the Venetians, and sent a fresh army against Maximilian Sforza. Maximilian, assisted with the pope's mŏney, called in the Swiss to his aid, not without risk (as the poet observes) considering the fate of his father; however, joined with these, he attacked and entirely defeated the French army; for which victory the pope bestowed on the Swiss the title of Defenders of the Holy Church."—H.

27.

*Lo! Bourbon, &c.*

Stanza xliv. line 3.

"Ferrando, king of Spain, being dead, the Emperor Maximi-

lian invaded Lombardy with fourteen thousand Swiss and seven thousand Belgians, with an intention of laying siege to Milan, defended by Trivulzio and Charles of Bourbon."—H.

28.

*Lo! other Francis, &c.*

Stanza xlv. line 1.

"The Emperor Charles V. made a league with Pope Leo, in order to drive the French out of Milan; and restore Francesco Sforza, nephew of the first Francis, and son of Ludovico il Moro. The French were now become odious to the Milanese. Sforza engaging Lantrec, put him to flight, and, entering the city by night, was made duke."—H.

29.

*Makes the rude Switzer pay Bicocca dear, &c.*

Stanza xlix. line 3.

The battle of Bicocca was most fatal in its immediate consequences to the Swiss, and in its ultimate consequences most fatal to the French.

"King Francis, resolving to recover the duchy of Milan, passed into Lombardy with a great army, when all submitted to him except Pavia. Being attacked in the night by the Marquisses of Pescara and Guasto, he was vanquished and made prisoner, though afterwards set at liberty upon giving up his sons for hostages."—H.

30.

*Another wars upon his native land.*

Stanza liv. line 8.

Henry VIII. of England.

31.

*In every part you see how Rome is woe, &c.*

Stanza lv. line 1.

The assault of Rome by the constable Bourbon. "The kingdom" *(il reame)* in this canto, and others treating of Italian wars, means Naples.

32.

*Wherein the Syren's body lies inurned.*

Stanza lvi. line 8.

Naples, where Parthenope the syren was said to have been buried.

33.

*Lo! the imperial squadrons thither steer, &c.*

Stanza lvii. line 1.

"He alludes here to the great naval engagement at Cape d'Orso, between the imperialists and the French, while Naples was besieged, when the French fleet was commanded by Philip Dorea, who held the place of Andrew Dorea, of whom so much is said in the 15th Book."—H.

We have now gone the round of this most wearisome picture-gallery, and are about to escape into the open air. Ariosto has most grievously abused the privilege of poetical prophecy: in his other least successful flights there is some great redeeming grace: in these the beauties are so thinly scattered, that they hardly serve to lead us on to the conclusion.

34.

*Left Battus' tomb behind him on the plain.*

Stanza c. line 7.

"The city of Cyrene was built by Battus. Catullus says,

'Et Batti veteris sacrum sepulchrum.'"

H.

35.

*The swarthy people are baptized with fire.*

Stanza cii. line 8.

Hoole says that the ancient Nubians, interpreting the Gospel literally, were branded with the cross.

36.

*High prized withal, albeit it so abound,*
*Is that best metal, &c.*

Stanza civ. lines 1 and 2.

All romancers have, necessarily for the effect of their fable, kept up the value of the precious metals in their descriptions of gorgeous cities and palaces, however marvellously they may have increased their quantity; but it is a singular fact, that Ariosto, in his age, should have been aware of the contradiction. It may be noticed as no common example of his shrewdness.

I have in this stanza ventured to introduce the word *lodges* into poetical, as already received into architectural, language, as 'in the *lodges* of Raphael.' If it be objected that *lodges* in English have already a different acceptation; I say this objection may be made to half the importations of foreign words with which our language has been enriched. A fair restriction of the licence, however, might be contended for, where we are in possession of an equivalent for that which is sought to be introduced; and thus Milton may be said to have sinned in the use of *frontispiece* in his description of the *Pandæmonium*, if the word *pediment* was then in existence.

37.

*We Priest and Prester John the sovereign name.*

Stanza cvi. line 8.

In the original,

Gli diciam Presto e Pretejanni noi.

It is hardly necessary to observe that this is the king of Abyssinia, who was formerly so called, it is supposed, as uniting the royal and priestly character. Our '*Priest*' is no doubt a corruption of '*presto*,' as *Prester John* is of '*Prete janni*.'

38.

*Upon this hill, which well-nigh kissed the skies, &c.*

Stanza cx. line 1.

Not only Dante (I believe on authority to be found in the fathers) has assigned a seat to paradise, but it is laid down in the *mappa mondo* of Fra Mauro, that wonderful monument of genius and industry, in which so many geographical discoveries are anticipated.

39.

*And I, to build thee, in my royal hold,*
*A holy temple, made of marble, swear, &c.*
*Nor angel, &c.*

"*Offer these vows to God, &c.*
"*To him thy churches build, thine altars rear,*" &c.

Stanzas cxvi. cxvii. cxviii.

Imitated from the dialogue between Æneas and the Sibyl in Ovid,

"Templa tibi statuam, tribuam tibi thuris honores."
—"Nec dea sum certe; nec sacri thuris honore
Humanum dignare caput," &c,

40.

*All bear a female face of pallid dye, &c.*

Stanza cxx. line 1.

In this description, the only addition to Virgil's, as well as Ovid's, picture is the tail, which Ariosto has not very happily hung upon his harpies. The strange representations which we have seen of exotic bats, with monkey-faces, may justify the rest; but there is, I believe, no precedent in the book of nature for the tail. Moreover a snake-tail seems a most unfit and unmanageable appendage for a bird.

# THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## CANTO XXXIV.

## ARGUMENT.

*In the infernal pit Astolpho hears*
*Of Lydia's woe, by smoke well-nigh oppress.*
*He mounts anew, and him his courser bears*
*To the terrestrial paradise address.*
*By John advised in all, to heaven he steers;*
*Of some of his lost sense here repossest,*
*Orlando's wasted wit as well he takes,*
*Sees the Fates spin their threads, and earthward makes.*

# THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## CANTO XXXIV.

---

I.

O FIERCE and hungry harpies, that on blind
And erring Italy so full have fed!!
Whom, for the scourge of ancient sins designed,
Haply just Heaven to every board has sped.
Innocent children, pious mothers, pined
With hunger, die, and see their daily bread,
—The orphan's and the widow's scanty food—
Feed for a single feast that filthy brood.

II.

Too foul a fault was his, who did unclose
That cave long shut, and made the passage free,
From whence *that* greediness, *that* filth arose,
Our Italy's infection doomed to be.
Then was good life extinguished, and repose
So banished, that with strife and poverty,
With fear and trouble, is she still perplext,
And shall for many a future year be vext:

III.

Till she her sons has shaken by the hair,
And from Lethæan sloth to life restored;
Exclaiming, "Will none imitate that pair,
"Zethes and Calais[2], with avenging sword
"Rescue from claws and stench our goodly fare,
"And cleanse and glad anew the genial board,
"As they king Phineus from those fowls released,
"And England's peer restored the Nubian's feast?"

IV.

Hunting those hideous birds, that cavalier
Aye scared them with the bugle's horrid sound;
Till at the mountain-cave his long career
He closed, and ran the monstrous troop to ground:
Attentive to the vent he held his ear,
And in that troubled cavern heard rebound,
Weeping and wailing, and eternal yell;
Proof certain that its entrance led to hell.

V.

Astolpho doubts if he within shall wend,
And see those wretched ones expelled from day;
Into the central pit of earth descend,
And the infernal gulfs around survey.
"Why should I fear, that on my horn depend
"For certain succour?" (did the warrior say),
"Satan and Pluto so will I confound,
"And drive before me their three-headed hound."

VI.

He speedily his winged horse forsook;
(Him to a sapling near at hand he ties)
The cavern entered next; but first he took
His horn, whereon the knight in all relies.
Not far has he advanced before a smoke,
Obscure and foul, offends his nose and eyes.
Ranker than pitch and sulphur is the stench,
Yet not thereat does good Astolpho blench.

VII.

But as he more descends into that lair,
So much he finds the smoke and vapour worse;
And it appears he can no further fare;
Nay, backward must retrace his way parforce.
Lo! something (*what* he knows not) he in air
Espies, that seems in motion, like a corse,
Upon whose wasted form long time had beat
The winter's rain and summer's scorching heat.

VIII.

In that dim cavern was so little light,
—Yea, well-nigh might be said that light was none—
Nought sees or comprehends the English knight
What wavers so, above that vapour dun:
For surer proof, a stroke or two would smite
With his good faulchion Otho's valiant son*:
Then deemed that duke it was a spirit; whom
He seemed to strike amid the misty gloom.

* Astolpho.

IX.

When him a melancholy voice addressed;
"Ah! without harming other, downward wend.
"Me but too sore the sable fumes molest,
"Which hither from the hellish fires ascend."
Thereat the duke, amazed, his steps repress,
And to the spirit cried; "So may Heaven send
"A respite from the vapours that exhale,
"As thou shalt deign to tell thy mournful tale!

X.

"And to be known on earth shouldst thou be fain,
"Thee will I satisfy." To him the sprite;
"So sweet it seems to me, in fame again,
"Thus to return into the glorious light,
"My huge desire such favour to obtain,
"Forces my words from me in my despite,
"Constraining me to tell the things ye seek;
"Though 'tis annoyance and fatigue to speak.

XI.

"Lydia, the child of Lydia's king, am I,
"To proud estate and princely honours born,
"Condemned by righteous doom of God on high
"In murky smoke eternally to mourn:
"Because a kindly lover's constancy
"I, while I lived, repaid with spite and scorn.
"With countless others swarm these grots below,
"For the same sin, condemned to the same woe.

XII.

' Yet lower down, harsh Anaxaretè
Suffers worse pain where thicker fumes arise;
" Heaven changed her flesh to stone, and here to be
" Tormented, her afflicted spirit sties.
" In that unmoved she, hung in air, could see
A lover vext by her barbarities.
" Here Daphne learns how rashly she had done
In having given Apollo such a run.

XIII.

" Of hosts of ingrate women in this cell
" Confined, it would be tedious to recite,
" If, one by one, I upon these should dwell;
" So many, their amount is infinite.
" 'Twould be more tedious of the men to tell,
" Whose base ingratitude due pains requite;
" And whom, in a more dismal prison pent,
Smoke blinds, and everlasting fires torment.

XIV.

" Since to belief soft woman is more prone,
" He that deceives her, merits heavier pain;
" To Theseus and to Jason this is known,
" And him that vexed of old the Latian reign[5],
" And him that of his brother Absalon
Erewhile provoked the pestilent disdain,
" Because of Thamar; countless is the horde
" Of those who left a wife or wedded lord.

XV.

" But, rather of my state than theirs to shew,
" And sin which brought me hither:—I was fair,
" But so much haughtier was than fair of hue,
" I know not if I ever equalled were:
" Nor which was most excessive of the two,
" My pride or beauty, could to thee declare.
" Though it is certain, Pride but took its rise
" In that rare loveliness which pleased all eyes.

XVI.

" There lived a Thracian knight, for warlike skill
" And prowess, upon earth without a peer;
" Who, voiced by many a worthy witness still,
" The praises of my matchless charms did hear.
" So that, of forethought and his own free will,
" Fixed all his love on me that cavalier;
" Weening this while that I, upon my part,
" Should for his valour duly prize his heart.

XVII.

" He came to Lydia, and by faster tie
" Was fettered at my sight; and there enrolled
" Amid my royal father's chivalry,
" In mickle fame increased that baron bold.
" His feats of many a sort, and valour high
" Would make a tale too tedious to be told;
" With what his boundless merit had deserved,
" If a more grateful master he had served.

XVIII.

" Pamphylia, Caria, and Cilicia's reign,
" Through him, my father brought beneath his sway,
" Who never moved a-field his martial train,
" But when that warrior pointed out the way:
" He, when he deemed he had deserved such gain,
" Pressed close the Lydian king, upon a day,
" And craved me from the monarch as his wife,
" As meed of all that booty made in strife.

XIX.

" Rejected of the monarch was the peer,
" Who was resolved his child should highly wed;
" Not him who was a simple cavalier;
" Who, saving valour, was with nought bested.
" For on my father, bent on gain and gear
" And avarice, of all vice the fountain-head,
" Manners and merit for as little pass,
" As the lute's music on the lumpish ass[6].

XX.

" Alcestes, he of whom I speak (so hight
" That warrior), when he sees his suit denied,
" Repulsed by one, by whom he had most right
" To think that he should most be gratified,
" Craves his discharge, and threatens he this slight
" Will make the Lydian monarch dear abide.
" The Armenian, an old rival of my sire,
" And mortal foe, he sought with this desire;

XXI.

" And so the monarch urged, he made him rear
" His banner, and attack my sire; and, through
" His famous feats, that Thracian cavalier
" Was named the captain of the invading crew,
' For the Armenian sovereign, far and near,
' All things (so said the knight) he would subdue;
' But claiming as his share, when all was won,
' My sovereign beauties for the service done.'

XXII.

" I ill to you the mischief could express
" Alcestes did us in that war; o'erthrown
" By him four armies were, and he in less
" Than one short twelvemonth left us neither town,
" Nor tower, save one, where cliffs forbade access:
" 'Twas here my sire, amid those of his own
" Whom most he loved, took refuge, in his need,
" With all the wealth he could collect with speed.

XXIII.

" Us in this fortilage the knight attacked,
" And shortly to such desperation drave,
" That gladly would the king have made a pact,
" To yield me for his consort, yea his slave,
" With half our realm, if certain by that act
" Himself from every other loss to save;
" Right sure he otherwise should forfeit all,
" And, after, die in bonds, a captive thrall.

## XXIV.

" Before this happened, to try every way
" Of remedy the Lydian king was bent;
" And thither, where Alcestes' army lay,
" Me, the first cause of all the mischief, sent.
" To yield my person to him as a prey
" I with intention to Alcestes went;
" To bid him take what portion of our reign
" He pleased, and pacify his fierce disdain.

## XXV.

" When of my coming that good knight does know,
" Me he encounters pale and trembling sore:
" 'Twould seem a vanquished man's, a prisoner's brow,
" He, rather than a victor's semblance, bore.
" I who perceive he loves, address not now
" The warrior as I was resolved before.
" My vantage I descry, and shift my ground,
" To fit the state wherein that knight was found.

## XXVI.

" To curse the warrior's passion I begun,
" And of his crying cruelty complained,
" Since foully by my father had he done,
" And me would have by violence constrained;
" Who with more grace my person would have won,
" Nor waited many days, had he maintained
" His course of courtship, as begun whilere,
" To king and all of us so passing dear;

## XXVII.

" And if the honest suit he hoped to gain
" Had been at first rejected by my sire,
" 'Twas, he was somedeal of a churlish vein,
" Nor ever yielded to a first desire:
" He should not therefore, restive to the rein,
" Have left his goodly task, so prompt to ire;
" Sure, passing aye from good to better deed,
" In little time to win the wished-for meed;

## XXVIII.

" And if my father would not have been won,
" To him I would so earnestly have prayed,
" That he my lover should have made his son;
" Nay, had my royal sire my suit gainsayed,
" For him in secret that I would have done,
" Wherewith he should have deemed himself appaid:
" But since, it seemed, he other means designed,
" Never to love him had I fixed my mind;

## XXIX.

" And, though I sought him, at my father's hest,
" And pious love for him had been my guide,
" He might be sure, not long should be possest
" The bliss that I, in my despite, supplied;
" For the red blood should issue from my breast
" As soon as his ill will was satisfied
" On this my wretched person, which alone
" He so by brutal force should make his own.

XXX.

" With these, and words like these, I moved the peer,
" When I such puissance in myself espied;
" And him so contrite made, in desert drear,
" Was never seen a saint more mortified.
" Before my feet the doleful cavalier
" Fell down, and snatched a poniard from his side;
" Which, he protested, I parforce should take,
" And for so foul a sin my vengeance slake.

XXXI.

" To push my mighty victory to an end
" I scheme, when him I see in such distress,
" And give him hopes he may even yet pretend
" That I deservedly his love should bless,
" If he his ancient error will amend,
" Will of his realm my father repossess,
" And will in future time deserve my charms
" By love and service, not by force of arms.

XXXII.

" So promised he to do; and set me free,
" And let me, as I came, untouched, depart;
" Nor even to kiss my lips he ventured; see
" If he is yoked securely, if his heart
" Love has well touched with the desire of me,
" If he for him need feather other dart!
" He seeks the Armenian, who by pact should take
" Whatever spoil the conquering armies make;

XXXIII.

" And him, as best he might, would fain persuade
' To leave to Lydia's monarch his domain,
' Upon whose wasted lands his host had preyed,
' And rest content with his Armenian reign.'
—' He would not hear of this (the monarch said,
With cheeks with fury swolen) ' nor would refrain
' From pressing Lydia's king with armed band,
' So long as he possessed a palm of land;

XXXIV.

' And if the knight, when a vile woman sues,
' His purpose shift, let him the evil bear:
' *He* will not, for the warrior's asking, lose
' What he has hardly conquered in a year.'
" Alcestes to the king his suit renews,
" And next complains, that he rejects his prayer.
" At length the Thracian fires, and threatens high,
" By love or force the monarch shall comply.

XXXV.

" So kindling anger waxed between the two,
" It urged them from ill words to worser deed:
" Upon the king his sword Alcestes drew;
" Though thousands aid the monarch in his need,
" And, in despite of all, their sovereign slew[7];
" And made that day as well the Armenians bleed,
" Backed by the Thracians' and Cilicians' aid
" And other followers, by the warrior paid.

XXXVI.

" His conquest he pursued, and, at his cost,
" Without expense to us, in less than one
" Short month, the kingdom by my father lost
" Restored; and, to repair the mischief done,
" (Beside spoil given) he conquered with his host,
" —Taxing or taking what his arms had won—
" Armenia and Cappadocia which confine;
" And scowered Hyrcania to the distant brine.

XXXVII.

" Him not to greet with triumphs, but to slay,
" Returning from that warfare, we intend;
" But, fearing failure, our design delay
" In that we find too many him befriend.
" Feeding him aye with hope from day to day,
" I for the Thracian warrior love pretend:
" But first declare my will that he oppose
" And prove his valour on our other foes;

XXXVIII.

" And him, now sole, now ill accompanied,
" On strange and perilous emprize I speed;
" Wherein a thousand knights might well have died;
" But all things happily with him succeed:
" For Victory was ever on his side;
" And oft with horrid foes of monstrous breed,
" With Giants and with Lestrigons, who wrought
" Damage in our domains, the warrior fought.

XXXIX.

" Nor Juno, nor Eurystheus, in such chase
" Ever renowned Alcides vext so sore,
" In Erymanth, Nemæa, Lerna, Thrace,
" Ætolia, Africa, by Tyber's shore,
" By Ebro's sunny bank, or other place,
" As (hiding murderous hate, while I implore)
" I exercise my lover still in strife,
" With the same fell design upon his life.

XL.

" Unable to achieve my first intent,
" I on a scheme of no less mischief fall:
" Through me, all deemed his friends by him are shent,
" Who thus bring down on him the hate of all.
" The Thracian leader never more content
" Than to obey, whatever be the call,
" Is at my bidding ever prompt to smite,
" Without regarding who or what the wight.

XLI.

" When I perceive that, through the warrior's mean,
" Extinguished is my father's every foe;
" And, conquered by himself, that knight is seen
" —Friendless, through us—I now the masque forego;
" What I, from him, beneath a flattering mien,
" Had hitherto concealed, I plainly show;
" —What deep and deadly hate my bosom fired,
" And that I but to work his death desired.

XLII.

" Then, thinking if such course I should pursue,
" That public shame would still the deed attend,
" (For men too well my obligations knew,
" And would be prompt my cruelty to shend,)
" Mescemed enough to drive him from my view,
" So that he should no more my eyes offend:
" Nor would I more address or see the peer,
" Nor letter would receive or message hear.

XLIII.

" This my ingratitude in him such pain
" At length produced, that mastered by his woe,
" After entreating mercy long in vain,
" He sickened sore and sank beneath the blow.
" For pain which fits my sin, dark fumes now stain[9]
" My cheek, and with salt rheum mine eyes o'erflow.
" Thus in eternal torment shall I dwell;
" For saving mercy helpeth not in hell."

XLIV.

Since wretched Lydia spake no more, the peer
Would fain discern if more in torment lay;
But, those false ingrates' curse, the darkness drear
So waxed before him, and obscured the way,
That not one inch advanced the cavalier;
Nay, back parforce returns that warrior; nay,
Himself from that increasing smoke to save,
Makes for the mouth of the disastrous cave.

XLV.

The motion of his quickly shifting feet
More savours of a run than walk or trot.
Thus mounting the ascent in swift retreat,
Astolpho sees the outlet of the grot;
Where, through the darkness of that dismal seat
And those foul fumes, a dawn of daylight shot;
He from the cavern, sorely pained and pined,
Issues at last, and leaves the smoke behind;

XLVI.

And next to bar the way against that band,
Whose greedy bellies so for victual crave,
Picks stones, and trees lays level with his brand,
Which charged with pepper or amomum wave;
And what might seem a hedge, with busy hand,
As best he can, constructs before the cave;
And so succeeds in blocking that repair,
The harpies shall no more revisit air.

XLVII.

While in that cave Astolpho did remain,
The fumes that from the sable pitch arose,
Not only what appeared to sight did stain;
But even so searched the flesh beneath his clothes,
He sought some cleansing stream, long sought in vain;
But found at length a limpid rill, which rose
Out of a living rock, within that wood,
And bathed himself all over in the flood.

XLVIII.

Then backed the griffin-horse, and soared a flight
Whereby to reach that mountain's top he schemes;
Which little distant, with its haughty height,
From the moon's circle good Astolpho deems;
And, such desire to see it warms the knight,
That he aspires to heaven, nor earth esteems.
Through air so more and more the warrior strains,
That he at last the mountain-summit gains.

XLIX.

Here sapphire, ruby, gold, and topaz glow,
Pearl, jacinth, chrysolite and diamond lie,
Which well might pass for natural flowers which blow,
Catching their colour from that kindly sky.
So green the grass! could we have such below,
We should prefer it to our emerald's dye.
As fair the foliage of those pleasant bowers!
Whose trees are ever filled with fruit and flowers.

L.

Warble the wanton birds in verdant brake,
Azure, and red, and yellow, green and white.
The quavering rivulet and quiet lake
In limpid hue surpass the crystal bright.
A breeze, which with one breath appears to shake,
Aye, without fill or fall, the foliage light,
To the quick air such lively motion lends,
That Day's oppressive noon in nought offends;

LI.

And this, mid fruit and flower and verdure there,
Evermore stealing divers odours, went
And made of those mixt sweets a medley rare,
Which filled the spirit with a calm content.
In the mid plain arose a palace fair,
Which seemed as if with living flames it brent.
Such passing splendour and such glorious light
Shot from those walls, beyond all usage bright.

LII.

Thither where those transparent walls appear,
Which cover more than thirty miles in measure,
At ease and slowly moved the cavalier,
And viewed the lovely region at his leisure;
And deemed — compared with this — that sad and drear,
And seen by heaven and nature with displeasure,
Was the foul world, wherein we dwell below,
So jocund this, so sweet and fair in show.

LIII.

Astound with wonder, paused the adventurous knight,
When to that shining palace he was nigh;
For, than the carbuncle more crimson bright,
It seemed one polished stone of sanguine dye.
O mighty wonder! O Dædalian sleight!
What fabric upon earth with this can vie?
Let them henceforth be silent, that in story
Exalt the world's seven wonders to such glory.

LIV.

An elder, in the shining entrance-hall
Of that glad house, towards Astolpho prest;
Crimson his waistcoat was, and white his pall;
Vermillion seemed the mantle, milk the vest:
White was that ancient's hair, and white withal
The bushy beard descending to his breast;
And from his reverend face such glory beamed,
Of the elect of Paradise he seemed.

LV.

He, with glad visage, to the paladin,
Who humbly from his sell had lighted, cries:
" O gentle baron, that by will divine
" Have soared to this terrestrial paradise!
" Albeit nor you the cause of your design,
" Nor you the scope of your desire surmise,
" Believe, you not without high mystery steer[10]
" Hitherward, from your arctic hemisphere.

LVI.

" You for instruction, how to furnish aid
" To Charles and to the Church in utmost need,
" With me to counsel, hither are conveyed,
" Who without counsel from such distance speed.
" But, son, ascribe not you the journey made
" To wit or worth; nor through your winged steed,
" Nor through your virtuous bugle had ye thriven,
" But that such helping grace from God was given.

LVII.

" We will discourse at better leisure more,
" And you what must be done shall after hear;
" But you, that, through long fast, must hunger sore,
" First brace your strength with us, with genial cheer."
Continuing his discourse, that elder hoar
Raised mighty wonder in the cavalier,
When he avouched, as he his name disclosed,
That he THE HOLY GOSPEL had composed;

LVIII.

He of our Lord so loved, the blessed John [11];
Of whom a speech among the brethren went,
' He never should see death,' and hence the Son
Of God with this rebuke St. Peter shent;
In saying, " What is it to thee, if one
" Tarry on earth, till I anew be sent?"
Albeit he said not that he should not die,
That so he meant to say we plain descry.

LIX.

Translated thither, he found company,
The patriarch Enoch, and the mighty seer
Elias; nor as yet those sainted three
Have seen corruption, but in garden, clear
Of earth's foul air, will joy eternity
Of spring, till they angelic trumpets hear,
Sounding through heaven and earth, proclaim aloud
Christ's second advent on the silvery cloud.

LX.

The holy ancients to a chamber lead,
With welcome kind, the adventurous cavalier;
And in another then his flying steed
Sufficiently with goodly forage cheer.
Astolpho they with fruits of Eden feed,
So rich, that in his judgment 'twould appear,
In some sort might our parents be excused
If, for such fruits, obedience they refused.

LXI.

When with that daily payment which man owes,
Nature had been contented by the peer,
As well of due refreshment as repose,
(For all and every comfort found he here)
And now Aurora left her ancient spouse,
Not for his many years to her less dear,
Rising from bed, Astolpho at his side
The apostle, so beloved of God, espied.

LXII.

Much that not lawfully could here be shown,
Taking him by the hand, to him he read.
" To you, though come from France, may be unknown
" What there hath happened," next the apostle said;
" Learn, your Orlando, for he hath foregone
" The way wherein he was enjoined to tread,
" Is visited of God, that ever shends
" Him whom he loveth best, when he offends:

LXIII.

" He, your Orlando, at his birth endowed
" With sovereign daring and with sovereign might,
" On whom, beyond all usage, God bestowed
" The grace, that weapon him should vainly smite,
" Because he was selected from the crowd
" To be defender of his Church's right,
" As he elected Sampson, called whilere
" The Jew against the Philistine to cheer;

LXIV.

" He, your Orlando, for such gifts has made
" Unto his heavenly Lord an ill return;
" Who left his people, when most needing aid,
" Then most abandoned to the heathens' scorn,
" Incestuous love for a fair paynim maid
" Has blinded so that knight, of grace forlorn,
" That twice and more in fell and impious strife
" The count has sought his faithful cousin's life.

LXV.

" Hence God hath made him mad, and, in this vein,
" Belly, and breast, and naked flank expose;
" And so diseased and troubled is his brain,
" That none, and least himself, the champion knows.
" Nebuchadnezzar whilom to such pain
" God in his vengeance doomed, as story shows;
" Sent, for seven years, of savage fury full,
" To feed on grass and hay, like slavering bull.

## LXVI.

"But yet, because the Christian paladine
Has sinned against his heavenly Maker less,
"He only for three months, by will divine,
Is doomed to cleanse himself of his excess.
"Nor yet with other scope did your design
"Of wending hither the Redeemer bless,
"But that through us the mode you should explore,
"Orlando's missing senses to restore."

## LXVII.

"'Tis true to journey further ye will need,
"And wholly must you leave this nether sphere;
"To the moon's circle you I have to lead,
"Of all the planets to our world most near:
"Because the medicine, that is fit to speed
"Insane Orlando's cure, is treasured here.
"This night will we away, when overhead
"Her downward rays the silver moon shall shed."

## LXVIII.

In talk the blest apostle is diffuse
On this and that, until the day is worn:
But when the sun is sunk i' the salt sea ooze,
And overhead the moon uplifts her horn,
A chariot is prepared, erewhile in use
To scower the heavens, wherein of old was borne
From Jewry's misty mountains to the sky,
Sainted Elias, rapt from mortal eye.

## LXIX.

Four goodly coursers next, and redder far
Than flame, to that fair chariot yokes the sire;
Who, when the knight and he well seated are,
Collects the reins; and heavenward they aspire.
In airy circles swiftly rose the car,
And reached the region of eternal fire;
Whose heat the saint by miracle suspends,
While through the parted air the pair ascends.

## LXX.

The chariot, towering, threads the fiery sphere,
And rises thence into the lunar reign.
This, in its larger part they find as clear
As polished steel, when undefiled by stain;
And such it seems, or little less, when near,
As what the limits of our earth contain:
Such as our earth, the last of globes below,
Including seas, which round about it flow.

## LXXI.

Here doubly waxed the paladin's surprize,
To see that place so large, when viewed at hand;
Resembling but a little hoop in size,
When from the globe surveyed whereon we stand;
And that he both his eyes behoved to strain,
If he would view Earth's circling seas and land;
In that, by reason of the lack of light,
Their images attained to little height.

LXXII.

Here other river, lake, and rich champaign
Are seen, than those which are below descried;
Here other valley, other hill and plain,
With towns and cities of their own supplied;
Which mansions of such mighty size contain,
Such never he before or after spied.
Here spacious holt and lonely forest lay,
Where nymphs for ever chased the panting prey.

LXXIII.

He, that with other scope had thither soared,
Pauses not all these wonders to peruse:
But led by the disciple of our Lord,
His way towards a spacious vale pursues;
A place wherein is wonderfully stored
Whatever on our earth below we lose.
Collected there are all things whatsoe'er,
Lost through time, chance, or our own folly, here.

LXXIV.

Nor here alone of realm and wealthy dower,
O'er which aye turns the restless wheel, I say:
I speak of what it is not in the power
Of Fortune to bestow, or take away.
Much fame is here, whereon Time and the Hour,
Like wasting moth, in this our planet prey.
Here countless vows, here prayers unnumbered lie,
Made by us sinful men to God on high:

## LXXV.

The lover's tears and sighs; what time in pleasure
And play we here unprofitably spend;
To this; of ignorant men the eternal leisure,
And vain designs, aye frustrate of their end.
Empty desires so far exceed all measure,
They o'er that valley's better part extend.
There wilt thou find, if thou wilt thither post,
Whatever thou on earth beneath hast lost.

## LXXVI.

He, passing by those heaps, on either hand,
Of this and now of that the meaning sought;
Formed of swollen bladders here a hill did stand,
Whence he heard cries and tumults, as he thought.
These were old crowns of the Assyrian land
And Lydian—as that paladin was taught—
Grecian and Persian, all of ancient fame;
And now, alas! well-nigh without a name.

## LXXVII.

Golden and silver hooks to sight succeed,
Heaped in a mass, the gifts which courtiers bear,
—Hoping thereby to purchase future meed—
To greedy prince and patron; many a snare,
Concealed in garlands, did the warrior heed,
Who heard, these signs of adulation were;
And in cicalas, which their lungs had burst,
Saw fulsome lays by venal poets versed [12].

## LXXVIII.

Loves of unhappy end in imagery
Of gold or jewelled bands he saw exprest;
Then eagles' talons; the authority
With which great lords their delegates invest:
Bellows filled every nook, the fume and fee,
Wherein the favourites of kings are blest;
Given to those Ganymedes that have their hour,
And reft, when faded is their vernal flower.

## LXXIX.

O'erturned, here ruined town and castle lies,
With all their wealth: "The symbols" (said his guide)
"Of treaties and of those conspiracies,
"Which their conductors seemed so ill to hide."
Serpents with female faces, felonies
Of coiners and of robbers, he descried;
Next broken bottles saw of many sorts,
The types of servitude in sorry courts.

## LXXX.

He marks a mighty pool of porridge spilled,
And asks what in that symbol should be read,
And hears 'twas charity, by sick men willed
For distribution, after they were dead.
He passed a heap of flowers, that erst distilled
Sweet savours, and now noisome odours shed;
The gift (if it may lawfully be said)
Which Constantine to good Sylvester made[19].

LXXXI.

A large provision, next, of twigs and lime
—Your witcheries, O women!—he explored.
The things he witnessed, to recount in rhyme
Too tedious were; were myriads on record,
To sum the remnant ill should I have time.
'Tis here that all infirmities are stored,
Save only Madness, seen not here at all,
Which dwells below, nor leaves this earthly ball.

LXXXII.

He turns him back, upon some days and deeds
To look again, which he had lost of yore;
But, save the interpreter the lesson reads,
Would know them not, such different form they wore.
He next saw that which man so little needs,
—As it appears—none pray to Heaven for more;
I speak of sense; whereof a lofty mount
Alone surpast all else which I recount.

LXXXIII.

It was as 'twere a liquor soft and thin,
Which, save well corked, would from the vase have drained;
Laid up, and treasured various flasks within,
Larger or lesser, to that use ordained.
That largest was which of the paladin,
Anglantes' lord, the mighty sense contained;
And from those others was discerned, since writ
Upon the vessel was ORLANDO'S WIT.

## LXXXIV.

The names of those whose wits therein were pent
He thus on all those other flasks espied.
Much of his own, but with more wonderment,
The sense of many others he descried,
Who, he believed, no dram of theirs had spent;
But here, by tokens clear was satisfied,
That scantily therewith were they purveyed;
So large the quantity he here surveyed.

## LXXXV.

Some waste on love, some seeking honour, lose
Their wits, some, scowering seas, for merchandise,
Some, that on wealthy lords their hope repose,
And some, befooled by silly sorceries;
These upon pictures, upon jewels those;
These on whatever else they highest prize.
Astrologers' and sophists' wits mid these,
And many a poet's too, Astolpho sees.

## LXXXVI.

Since his consent the apostle signified
Who wrote the obscure Apocalypse, his own
He took, and only to his nose applied,
When (it appeared) it to its place was gone;
And henceforth, has Sir Turpin certified,
That long time sagely lived king Otho's son;
Till other error (as he says) again
Deprived the gentle baron of his brain.

LXXXVII.

The fullest vessel and of amplest round
Which held the wit Orlando erst possessed,
Astolpho took; nor this so light he found,
As it appeared, when piled among the rest.
Before, from those bright spheres, now earthward bound,
His course is to our lower orb addressed,
Him to a spacious palace, by whose side
A river ran, conducts his holy guide.

LXXXVIII.

Filled full of fleeces all its chambers were,
Of wool, silk, linen, cotton, in their hue,
Of diverse dyes and colours, foul and fair.
Yarns to her reel from all those fleeces drew,
In the outer porch, a dame of hoary hair.
On summer-day thus village wife we view,
When the new silk is reeled, its filmy twine
Wind from the worm, and soak the slender line.

LXXXIX.

A second dame replaced the work when done
With other; and one bore it off elsewhere;
A third selected from the fleeces spun,
And mingled by that second, foul from fair.
"What is this labour?" said the peer to John;
And the disciple answered Otho's heir,
"Know that the Parcæ are those ancient wives,
"That in this fashion spin your feeble lives.

XC.

" As long as one fleece lasts, life in such wise
" Endureth, nor outlasts it by a thought.
" For Death and Nature have their watchful eyes
" On the hour when each should to his end be brought.
" The choicest threads are culled for Paradise,
" And, after, for its ornament are wrought;
" And fashioned from the strands of foulest show
" Are galling fetters for the damned below."

XCI.

On all the fleeces that erewhile were laid
Upon the reel, and culled for other care,
The names were graved on little plates, which made
Of silver, or of gold, or iron, were,
These piled in many heaps he next surveyed;
Whence an old man some skins was seen to bear,
Who, seemingly unwearied, hurried sore,
His restless way retracing evermore.

XCII.

That elder is so nimble and so prest,
That he seems born to run; he bears away
Out of those heaps by lapfulls in his vest
The tickets that the different names display.
Wherefore and whither he his steps addrest,
To you I shall in other canto say,
If you, in sign of pleasure, will attend,
With that kind audience ye are wont to lend.

# NOTES TO CANTO XXXIV.

1.

*O fierce and hungry harpies, that on blind*
*And erring Italy so full have fed!*

Stanza i. lines 1 and 2.

It is strange that this prophecy (as yet, alas! in operation) should have been interpreted in any other way than as referring to the war and waste wrought by the transalpine nations in Italy; yet (as Mr. Hoole observes) another explanation of the poet's meaning has been given by the majority of Italian commentators.

2.

*Zethes and Calais.*

Stanza lii. line 4.

Who drove the harpies from the table of Phineus, a blind king of Thrace; the story in Ovid which suggested that in the text.

3.

*Lydia, the child of Lydia's king, am I.*

Stanza xi. line 1.

It was natural enough for Ariosto to take his idea of hell rather from Boccaccio than from Dante; but Lydia's story is certainly but a bad imitation of that of Theodore and Honoria.

4.

*Yet lower down, harsh Anaxareté.*

Stanza xii. line 1.

"Anaxarete was a girl of Salamis, who so arrogantly despised the addresses of Iphis, a youth of ignoble birth, that the lover hung himself at her door. She saw this sad spectacle without emotion, and was changed into a stone."—CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.—OVID'S MET.

5.

*And him that vexed of old the Latian reign.*

Stanza xiv. line 4.

Æneas.

6.

*As the lute's music on the lumpish ass.*

Stanza xix. line 8.

Asinus ad lyram.

7.

*And, in despite of all, their sovereign slew, &c.*

Stanza xxxv. line 5.

Nothing is more striking in the story of the middle ages than the domineering insolence frequently displaid by the captains of hired adventurers in the courts of the princes who entertained them. This incident is not therefore so extravagant as it at first sight appears.

8.

*Nor Juno, nor Eurystheus, in such chase.*

Stanza xxxix. line 1.

Nec vero Alcides tantum telluris obivit,
Fixerit æripidem cervam licet, aut Erymanthi
Pacârit nemora. VIRGIL.

9.

*For pain which fits my sin, dark fumes now stain.*

Stanza xliii. line 5.

Harrington observes, that Lydia's punishment was an imitation of that to which one of the later Roman emperors condemned a courtier who had taken bribes, and deceived the giver by empty promises: "Fumo pereat qui fumum vendidit."

10.

*Believe, you not without high mystery steer, &c.*

Stanza lv. line 7.

It is impossible for the reader who is most incredulous as to allegory not to suspect a mystic meaning in many parts of this canto, in the lines, where we are told that the smoke had not alone outwardly stained Astolpho, but had searched even beneath his clothes—in his long search for a fountain in order to cleanse himself preparatory to his journey to Paradise—in his desire to reach heaven—his contempt of earth—and finally his accomplishment of his object through intensity of aspiration. But something more on this head will be found in the following note.

11.

*He of our Lord so loved, the blessed John, &c.*

Stanza lviii. line 1.

This introduction of St. John, which to us must appear so indecent and extravagant, will probably be attributed by many to the character of the nation, or to that of the religion, to which Ariosto belonged. For myself, I ascribe it simply to the character of his age, and my reason for so doing is, that Harrington, an Englishman and a protestant, in commenting upon this passage, expresses neither scandal nor surprise; and indeed would seem to have considered it as an edifying allegory. I extract his observations, not only in confirmation of what I have stated, but because his interpretation of the significance

of *colours* is probably in accordance with the doctrines of his age (however strange some of his conjectures are, or may appear to be, to the modern reader), as well as that his sentiments and opinions as a courtier (if a courtier can be said to have opinions) may be supposed to savour of those of his royal mistress and godmother; and must in this point be deemed interesting as well as curious.

"Concerning the historie of this booke, I have quoted some briefly by the side, and some is so plaine it expounds it selfe; onely I mean to ad a word or two what I have read, concerning that which is here delivered by mine author, about the assumption of St. John. First, how far the scripture toucheth the same in the gospell, everie one knoweth, and how upon the speech of our Saviour (if I will he tary till I come, what is that to thee) it was noised among the Disciples, that that Disciple should never see death. After this, as others of good credit have delivered, St. John lived till he was an hundred yeare old, and then made himselfe a tombe, and entered thereinto alive, in presence of many, and on the sodaine, a light shone all about the place, and tooke the tombe for the time quite from their sights; but the light being gone, the coffin was found empty, and the body of that saint was no more seene upon the earth; whereupon it was certainly thought that he was taken up into heaven or Paradise, as Enoch and Elias were. Though this of St. John be not recorded in the Scripture (nor no more is the assumption of the blessed Virgin), and consequently, no man is bound to believe it as an article of our creed: yet for mine owne opinion, I thinke it may be verie true; and I would in such cases beleeve a great deale more then I need, rather then any thing lesse then I ought; for the one (if it be a sinne) is surely pardonable, but the other doubtless is very damnable. But I will briefly note the allegorie that is meant hereby.

"First, whereas Astolfo washeth himself in a christall well of clear water before he can fly up to Paradise, it signifieth, that after a man shall, by remorse and devout consideration, weigh and behold the filthinesse of his sinne, he must then wash himselfe with the cleare spring water of prayer and repentance; and then, and not before, he may mount to Paradise; which may here be understood the comfortable peace of conscience, the only true Paradise of this world. And whereas Astolfo commeth to St. John (whose name signifieth grace) to receive, by his helpe, Orlando's lost witts, for so it is set downe that that was the secret cause why he was guided thither, though unawares to himself: thereby it is to be understood, that no hope nor means is left for any

man that hath lost his wit with following the vanities and pleasures of this world (as diverse carelesse christians do, in forgetting and omitting their duties to God, which is the verie highest point of follie); I say, there is no meane for them to recover their wit againe, but onely by the help of this St. John, that is this, grace of God, which can miraculously restore it againe.

"In the description of St. John's apparell,

'His gowne was white, but yet his jacket red,
The tone was snow, the tother looked as bloode,' &c.

By the red is signified charitie, which burneth with zeale and ferventnesse of love; by the white is meant virginitie and pureness of life."

As for the rest of this canto; I shall make no observations on beauties and extravagancies which stand in too high relief to require attention to be directed to them; but I will remark upon the whole of it, that none exhibits more wonderful proofs of Ariosto's powers. He had previously, as it appeared, sounded every chord of satire, and his command of his instrument may be well illustrated by the invective against women, which he has put into the mouth of Rodomont in canto xxvii, and the mode in which he has softened it into a sort of minor key, on taking up the song himself. Here, however, we have a new and more exquisite specimen of his powers. Is he not the only writer, with the exception of Aristophanes (whom I might almost say he could not have read), who has carried poetry into satire? for I cannot characterise the marvellous eloquence of Juvenal by that denomination, considering poetry according to its strict and more metaphysical definition.

The fleeces, "the sisters three, and such branches of learning," (to speak in Launcelot Gobbo's vein), which succeed the satire, may clearly be traced to Pythagorean or Platonic doctrines, very fashionable in Italy in Ariosto's æra. But more of this hereafter.

12.

*And in cicalas, which their lungs had burst,*
*Saw fulsome lays by venal poets versed.*

Stanza lxxvii. lines 7 and 8.

The common symbol in Italian poetry. As an example, the

author of the MALMANTILE RACQUISTATO opens his poem with this invocation:

*O Musa che ti metti ul sol di state*
*Sopra un palo, a cantar con si gran lena,*
*Che d'ogni intorno assordi le brigate,*
*E finalmente scoppi per la schiena, &c.*

O pole-perched Muse that art of wind sound,
With whose loud song the sunny fields are ringing,
So that thou deafeneet all the country round,
Till finally thou burst thyself with singing, &c.

13.

*The gift (if it may lawfully be said),*
*Which Constantine to good Sylvester made.*
Stanza lxxx. lines 7 and 8.

I have before observed that Ariosto, like Dante, was no papist, though a Roman catholic.

# THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## CANTO XXXV.

## ARGUMENT.

*The apostle praises authors to the peer.*
*Duke Aymon's martial daughter in affray,*
*Conquers the giant monarch of Argièr,*
*And of the good Frontino makes a prey.*
*She next from Arles defies her cavalier,*
*And, while he marvels who would him assay,*
*Grandonio and Ferrau she with her hand*
*And Serpentine unhorses on the strand.*

# THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## CANTO XXXV.

I.

Madonna, who will scale the high ascent
Of heaven, to me my judgment to restore,
Which, since from your bright eyes the weapon went,
That pierced my heart, is wasting evermore?
Yet will not I such mighty loss lament,
So that it drain no faster than before;
But—ebbing further—I should fear to be
Such as Orlando is described by me.

II.

To have anew that judgment, through the skies,
I deem there is no need for me to fly
To the moon's circle, or to Paradise;
For, I believe, mine is not lodged so high.
On your bright visage, on your beauteous eyes,
Alabastrine neck, and paps of ivory,
Wander my wits, and I with busy lip,
If I may have them back, these fain would sip.

III.

Astolpho wandered through that palace wide,
Observing all the future lives around:
When those already woven he had spied
Upon the fatal wheel for finish wound,
He a fair fleece discerned that far outvied
Fine gold, whose wondrous lustre jewels ground,
Could these into a thread be drawn by art,
Would never equal by the thousandth part.

IV.

The beauteous fleece he saw with wondrous glee
Equalled by none amid that countless store;
And when and whose such glorious life should be,
Longed sore to know. "This," (said the apostle hoar,
Concealing nothing of its history,)
"Shall have existence twenty years before,
"Dating from THE INCARNATE WORD, the year
"Shall marked by men with M and D appear[1];

V.

"And, as for splendor and for substance fair,
"This fleece shall have no like or equal, so
"Shall the blest age wherein it shall appear
"Be singular in this our world below;
"Because all graces, excellent and rare,
"Which Nature or which Study can bestow,
"Or bounteous Fortune upon men can shower,
"Shall be its certain and eternal dower.

VI.

" Between the king of rivers' horns[2]," (he cries,)
" Stands what is now a small and humble town.
" Before it runs the Po, behind it lies
" A misty pool of marsh; this—looking down
" The stream of future years—I recognize
" First of Italian cities of renown;
" Not only famed for wall and palace rare,
" But noble ways of life and studies fair.

VII.

" Such exaltation, reached so suddenly,
" Is not fortuitous nor wrought in vain;
" But that it may *his* worthy cradle be,
" Whereof I speak, shall so the heavens ordain.
" For where men look for fruit they graff the tree,
" And study still the rising plant to train;
" And artist uses to refine the gold
" Designed by him the precious gem to hold.

VIII.

" Nor ever, in terrestrial realm, so fine
" And fair a raiment spirit did invest,
" And rarely soul so great from realms divine
" Has been, or will be, thitherward addrest,
" As that whereof THE ETERNAL has design
" To fashion good Hippolytus of Este:
" Hippolytus of Este shall he be hight,
" On whom so rich a gift of God shall light.

IX.

" All those fair graces, that, on many spent,
" Would have served many wholly to array,
" Are all united for his ornament,
" Of whom thou hast entreated me to say.
" To prop the arts, the virtues is he sent;
" And should I seek his merits to display,
" So long a time would last my tedious strain,
" Orlando might expect his wits in vain."

X.

'Twas so Christ's servant with the cavalier
Discoursed; they having satisfied their view
With sight of that fair mansion, far and near,
*That* whence conveyed were human lives, the two
Issued upon the stream, whose waves appear
Turbid with sand and of discoloured hue;
And found that ancient man upon the shore,
Who names, engraved on metal, thither bore.

XI.

I know not if you recollect; of him
I speak, whose story I erewhile suspended,
Ancient of visage, and so swift of limb,
That faster far than forest stag he wended.
With names he filled his mantle to the brim,
Aye thinned the pile, but ne'er his labour ended;
And in that stream, hight Lethe, next bestowed,
Yea, rather cast away, his costly load.

XII.

I say, that when upon the river side
Arrives that ancient, of his store profuse,
He all those names into the turbid tide
Discharges, as he shakes his mantle loose.
A countless shoal, they in the stream subside;
Nor henceforth are they fit for any use;
And, out of mighty myriads, hardly one
Is saved of those which waves and sand o'errun.

XIII.

Along that river and around it fly
Vile crows and ravening vultures, and a crew
Of choughs, and more, that with discordant cry
And deafening din their airy flight pursue;
And to the prey all hurry, when from high
Those ample riches they so scattered view;
And with their beak or talon seize the prey:
Yet little distance they their prize convey.

XIV.

When they would raise themselves in upward flight,
They have not strength the burden to sustain;
So that perforce in Lethe's water light
The worthy names, which lasting praise should gain.
Two swans there are amid those birds, as white,
My lord, as is your banner's snowy grain;
Who catch what names they can, and evermore
With these return securely to the shore.

XV.

Thus, counter to that ancient's will malign,
Who them to the devouring river dooms,
Some names are rescued by the birds benign;
Wasteful Oblivion all the rest consumes.
Now swim about the stream those swans divine,
Now beat the buxom air with nimble plumes,
Till, near that impious river's bank, they gain
A hill, and on that hill a hallowed fane.

XVI.

To Immortality 'tis sacred; there
A lovely nymph, that from the hill descends,
To the Lethean river makes repair;
Takes from those swans their burden, and suspends
The names about an image, raised in air
Upon a shaft, which in mid fane ascends;
There consecrates and fixes them so fast,
That all throughout eternity shall last.

XVII.

Of that old sire, and why he would dispense
Idly, all those fair names, as 'twould appear,
And of the birds and holy place, from whence
The nymph was to the river seen to steer,
The solemn mystery, and the secret sense,
Astolpho, marvelling, desired to hear;
And prayed the man of God would these unfold,
Who to the warrior thus their meaning told.

XVIII.

" There moves no leaf beneath, thou hast to know,
" But here above some sign thereof we trace[4];
" Since all, in Heaven above or Earth below,
" Must correspond, though with a different face.
" That ancient, with his sweeping beard of snow,
" By nought impeded and so swift of pace,
" Works the same end and purpose in our clime,
" As are on earth below performed by Time.

XIX.

" The life of man its final close attains,
" When on the wheel is wound the fatal twine;
" There fame, and here above the mark remains;
" For both would be immortal and divine,
" But for that bearded sire's unwearied pains,
" And his below, that for their wreck combine.
" One drowns them, as thou seest, mid sand and surges,
" And one in long forgetfulness immerges.

XX.

" And even, as here above, the raven, daw,
" Vulture, and divers other birds of air,
" All from the turbid water seek to draw
" The names, which in their sight appear most fair;
" Even thus below, pimps, flatterers, men of straw,
" Buffoons, informers, minions, all who there
" Flourish in courts, and in far better guise
" And better odour, than the good and wise;

XXI.

" And by the crowd are gentle courtiers hight,
" Because they imitate the ass and swine:
" When the just Parcæ or (to speak aright)
" Venus and Bacchus cut their master's twine,
" —These base and sluggish dullards, whom I cite—
" Born but to blow themselves with bread and wine,
" In their vile mouths awhile such names convey,
" Then drop the load, which is Oblivion's prey.

XXII.

" But as the joyful swans, that, singing sweet,
" Convey the medals safely to the fane,
" So they whose praises poets well repeat,
" Are rescued from oblivion, direr pain
" Than death. O Princes, wary and discreet,
" That wisely tread in Cæsar's steps, and gain
" Authors for friends! They, doubt it not, shall save
" Your noble names from Lethe's lazy wave.

XXIII.

" Rare as those gentle swans are poets too,
" That well the poet's name have merited,
" As well because it is Heaven's will, that few
" Great rulers should the paths of glory tread,
" As through foul fault of sordid lordlings, who
" Let sacred Genius beg his daily bread;
" Who putting down the Virtues, raise the tribe
" Of Vices, and the liberal arts proscribe.

XXIV.

" Believe it, that these ignorant men should be
" Blind and deprived of judgment, is God's doom;
" Who makes them loathe the light of poetry,
" That envious Death may wholly them consume.
" Besides that Song can quicken and set free
" Him that is prisoned in the darksome tomb,
" Though foul his name, if Cirrha him befriend [5].
" Its savour myrrh and spikenard shall transcend.

XXV.

" Æneas not so pious, nor of arm
" So strong Achilles, Hector not so bold,
" Was, as 'tis famed; and mid the nameless swarm,
" Thousands and thousands higher rank might hold:
" But gift of palace and of plenteous farm,
" Bestowed by heirs of them, whose deeds they told,
" Have moved the poet with his honoured hand,
" To place them upon Glory's highest stand.

XXVI.

" Augustus not so holy and benign
" Was as great Virgil's trumpet sounds his name.
" Because he savoured the harmonious line,
" His foul proscription passes without blame.
" That Nero was unjust would none divine,
" Nor haply would he suffer in his fame,
" Though Heaven and Earth were hostile, had he known
" The means to make the tuneful tribe his own.

XXVII.

" Homer a conqueror Agamemnon shows[6],
" And makes the Trojans seem of coward vein,
" And from the suitors, faithful to her vows,
" Penelope a thousand wrongs sustain:
" Yet—would'st thou I the secret should expose?—
" By contraries throughout the tale explain:
" That from the Trojan bands the Grecian ran;
" And deem Penelope a courtezan.

XXVIII.

" What fame Eliza, she so chaste of sprite,
" On the other hand, has left behind her, hear!
" Who widely is a wanton baggage hight,
" Solely that she to Maro was not dear,
" Marvel not this should cause me sore despite,
" And if my speech diffusive should appear.
" Authors I love, and pay the debt I owe,
" Speaking their praise; an author I below[7]!

XXIX.

" There earned I, above all men, what no more
" Time nor yet Death from me shall take away;
" And it behoved our Lord, of whom I bore
" Such testimony, so my pains to pay.
" It grieves me much for them, on whom her door
" Courtesy closes on a stormy day;
" Who meagre, pale, and worn with hopeless suit,
" Knock night and day, and ever without fruit.

XXX.

" So that continuing what erewhile was said,
" Poets and scholars in small number are:
" For, where they are unsheltered and unfed,
" Even beasts desert the inhospitable lair."
As thus the blessed ancient ended, red
As two fierce fires, his eyes appeared to glare:
Then, sagely smiling on the duke, his mien
He changed anew from troubled to serene.

XXXI.

Henceforth with that apostle let the peer
Remain; for I have now to make a spring
As far as 'tis from heaven to earth; for here
I cannot hang for ever on the wing.
I to the dame return, who was whilere
Wounded by jealousy with cruel sting.
I left her where, successively o'erthrown,
Three kings she quickly upon earth had strown;

XXXII.

And afterwards arriving in a town,
At eve, which on the road to Paris lay,
Heard tidings of Rinaldo's victory blown;
And how in Arles the vanquished paynim lay.
—Sure, her Rogero with the king is gone—
As soon as reappears the dawning day,
Towards fair Provence, whither (as she hears)
King Charlemagne pursues, her way she steers.

XXXIII.

She towards Provence, by the nearest road,
So journeying, met a maid of mournful air;
Who, though her cheeks with tears were overflowed,
Was yet of visage and of manners fair.
She was it, so transfixed with Love's keen goad,
Who sighed for Monodante's valiant heir *,
Who at the bridge had left her lord a thrall,
When with King Rodomont he tried a fall.

XXXIV.

She sought one of an otter's nimbleness,
By water and by land, a cavalier
So fierce, that she that champion—to redress
Her wrongs—might match against the paynim peer.
When good Rogero's lady, comfortless,
To that fair dame, as comfortless, drew near,
Her she saluted courteously, and next
Demanded by what sorrow she was vext.

XXXV.

Flordelice marked the maid, that, in her sight,
Appeared a warrior fitted for her needs;
And of the bridge and river 'gan recite,
Where Argier's mighty king the road impedes;
And how he had gone nigh to slay her knight;
Not that more doughty were the monarch's deeds;
But that the wily paynim vantage-ground
In that streight bridge and foaming river found.

* Brandimart.

XXXVI.

" Are you (she said) so daring and so kind,
" As kind and daring you appear in show,
" Venge me of him that has my lord confined,
" And makes me wander thus, opprest with woe,
" For love of Heaven; or teach me where to find
" At least a knight who can resist the foe,
" And of such skill that little boot shall bring
" His bridge and river to the pagan king.

XXXVII.

" Besides that so you shall achieve an end,
" Befitting courteous man and cavalier,
" You will employ your valour to befriend
" The faithfullest of lovers far and near.
" His other virtues I should ill commend,
" So many and so many, that whoe'er
" Knoweth not these, may well be said to be
" One without ears to hear or eyes to see."

XXXVIII.

The high-minded maid, to whom aye welcome are
All noble quests, by which she worthily
May hope a great and glorious name to bear,
Straight to the paynim's bridge resolves to hie;
And now so much the more—as in despair—
Wends willingly, although it were to die:
In that she, ever with herself at strife,
Deeming Rogero lost, detested life.

## XXXIX.

" O loving damsel (she made answer), I
" Offer mine aid, for such as 'tis, to do
" The hard and dread adventure, passing by
" Causes beside that move me, most that you
" A matter of your lover testify,
" Which I, in sooth, hear warranted of few;
" That he is constant; for i'faith I swear,
" I well believed all lovers perjured were."

## XL.

With these last words a sigh that damsel drew,
A sigh which issued from her heart; then said;
" Go we;" and, with the following sun, those two
At the deep stream arrived and bridge of dread:
—Seen of the guard, that on his bugle blew
A warning blast, when strangers thither sped—
The pagan arms him, girds his goodly brand,
And takes upon the bridge his wonted stand;

## XLI.

And as the maid appears in martial scale,
The moody monarch threatens her to slay,
Unless her goodly courser and her mail,
As an oblation to the tomb she pay.
Fair Bradamant who knew the piteous tale,
How murdered by him Isabella lay,
The story gentle Flordelice had taught;
Replied in answer to that paynim haught.

XLII.

" Wherefore, O brutish man, for your misdeed
" Should penance by the innocent be done?
" 'Tis fitting to appease her you should bleed;
" You killed her, and to all the deed is known.
" So that, of trophied armour or of weed
" Of those so many, by your lance o'erthrown,
" Your armour should the best oblation be,
" And you the choicest victim, slain by me;

XLIII.

" And dearer shall the gift be from my hand;
" Since I a woman am, as she whilere;
" Nor save to venge her have I sought this strand;
" In this desire alone I hither steer:
" But first, 'tis good some pact we understand,
" Before we prove our prowess with the spear:
" You shall do by me, if o'erthrown, what you
" By other prisoners have been wont to do.

XLIV.

" But if, as I believe and trust, you fall,
" I will your horse and armour have (she cried),
" And taking down all others from the wall,
" Hang on the tomb alone those arms of pride;
" And will that you release each warlike thrall."
—" The pact is just (King Rodomont replied),
" But those, my prisoners, are not here confined,
" And therefore cannot be to you consigned.

XLV.

" These have I sent into mine Africk reign;
" But this I promise thee, and pledge my fay;
" If, by strange fortune, thou thy seat maintain,
" And I shall be dismounted in the fray;
" Delivered, all, shall be the captive train,
" Within what time suffices to convey
" An order thither, that ' they out of hand
" ' Should do what thou, if conqueror, may'st command.'

XLVI.

" But art thou undermost, as fitter were,
" And, as thou surely wilt be, I from thee
" Not therefore will thy forfeit armour tear,
" Nor shall thy name inscribed, as vanquished, be.
" To thy bright face, bright eyes, and beauteous hair,
" All breathing love and grace, the victory
" Will I resign; let it suffice that thou
" Then stoop to love me, as thou hatest now.

XLVII.

" To fall by me thou needest not disdain;
" I with such strength, such nerve am fortified."
Somedeal she smiled; but smiled in bitter vein;
Savouring of anger more than aught beside.
She spake not to that haughty man again,
To the bridge-end returned the damsel, plied
Her courser with the rowels, couched her spear,
And rode to meet the furious cavalier.

XLVIII.

King Rodomont prepares his course to run;
Comes on at speed; and with such mighty sound
Echoes that bridge, the thundering noise might stun
The ears of many distant from the ground.
The golden lance its wonted work has done;
For that fierce Moor, in tourney so renowned,
This from the saddle lifts, in air suspends,
Then headlong on the narrow bridge extends.

XLIX.

Scarce for her horse the martial damsel can
Find space to pass, when she has thrown her foe;
And little lacked, and mighty risque she ran
Of falling into that deep stream below:
But, born of wind and flame, good Rabican
So dextrous was, and could so lightly go,
He picked a path along the outer ledge,
And could have paced upon a faulchion's edge.

L.

The damsel wheeled, towards the cavalier
Returned, and him bespoke in sportive way;
"Who is the loser now to thee is clear,
"And who is undermost in this assay."
Silent remained the monarch of Argier,
Amazed, that woman him on earth should lay.
He cannot, or he will not speak; and lies
On earth, like one astound, in idiot guise.

LI.

Silent and sad, he raised himself from ground,
And when he some few paces thence had gone,
His shield unbraced and helm and mail unbound,
He flung against the tomb; and thence, alone,
Afoot the moody monarch left that ground:
Yet not till he had given command to one
(Of his four squires was he) to do his hest
Relating to those captives, as exprest.

LII.

He parts; and save that in a caverned cell
He dwelt, no further news of him were known:
Meanwhile the harness of that infidel
Bradamant hung upon the lofty stone;
And having thence removed all plate and shell
Wherewith (as by the writing it was shown)
The cavaliers of Charles their limbs had drest,
She moved not, nor let other move, the rest.

LIII.

Besides the arms of Monodantes' heir
Were those of Sansonet and Olivier,
Who, bound in search of good Orlando, were
Thither conducted by the road most near.
The day before here taken was the pair,
And sent by that proud paynim to Argier:
These warriors' arms the martial maid bade lower
From that fair tomb, and stored them in the tower.

LIV.

All others, taken from the paynim train,
Bradamant left suspended from the stone;
Mid these a king's, that idly and in vain,
Had thither, seeking Frontalatte, gone:
I say his arms, that ruled Circassia's reign;
Who, after wandering long, by dale and down,
Here to his grief another courser left,
And lightly went his way, of arms bereft.

LV.

Stript of his armour and afoot, did part
That paynim monarch from the bridge of dread;
As Rodomont permitted to depart
Those other knights that in his faith were bred:
But to his camp to wend he had no heart,
For there he was ashamed to show his head:
Since, in such fashion, thither to return
After his boasts, had been too foul a scorn.

LVI.

Yet still with new desire the warrior burned
To seek her, fixed alone in his heart's core;
And such the monarch's chance, he quickly learned
(I cannot tell you who the tidings bore)
She was towards her native land returned.
Hence, as Love spurs and goads him evermore,
He bowns him straight her footsteps to pursue:
But I to Bradamant return anew.

LVII.

When she in other writing had displaid
How she had freed that passage from the foe,
To mournful Flordelice the martial maid,
She that still held her weeping visage low,
Turned her, and courteously that lady prayed
To tell her whither she designed to go.
To her afflicted Flordelice replied:
" To Arles, where camp the paynims, would I ride.

LVIII.

" Which bark (I hope) and fitting company,
" To carry me to Africk may afford;
" Nor will I halt upon my way, till I
" Once more rejoin my husband and my lord;
" All means and measures there resolved to try,
" That may release him from his jailer's ward;
" And should the Saracen deceitful prove,
" Others, and others yet, I mean to move."

LIX.

" My company (replied the martial fair)
" For some part of the road, I offer thee,
" Till we have sight of Arles; then to repair
" Thither, will pray you, for the love of me,
" To find King Agramant's Rogero there,
" Whose glorious name is spread o'er land and sea,
" And render to that knight this goodly horse,
" Whence the proud Moor was flung in martial course.

LX.

" Say thus, from point to point, ' A cavalier
' That would in combat prove his chivalry,
' And to the world at large would fain make clear
' Thy breach of faith with him, that thou may'st be
' Ready and well prepared for the career,
' Gave me this horse, that I might give it thee.
' He bids thee promptly mail and corslet dight,
' And wait him, who with thee will wage the fight.'

LXI.

" Say this and nought beside, and would he hear
" My name, declare that 'tis to thee unknown."
With wonted kindness cried that dame, " I ne'er
" In spending life itself, not words alone,
" Should weary in your service; since whilere
" You would in my behalf as much have done."
Her Aymon's daughter thanked in courteous strain,
And to her hand consigned Frontino's rein.

LXII.

Through long days' journeys, by that river-shore,
Together go the lovely pilgrim pair,
Till they see Arles, and hear the hollow roar
Of billows breaking on the sea-beach bare.
Almost without the suburbs, and before
The furthest barrier, stops the martial fair;
To furnish Flordelice what time might need
For the conveyance of Rogero's steed.

## LXIII.

She forward rode, within the enclosure sped,
And o'er the bridge and through the gateway wended,
And (furnished with a guide, who thither led)
To young Rogero's inn; and there descended.
She to the Child, as bid, her message said,
And gave the courser, to her care commended:
Then (for she waits not for an answer) speeds
In haste to execute her proper needs.

## LXIV.

Rogero stands confused; he finds no end
To his perplexing thoughts, and cannot see
Who should defy him, who that message send,
To speak him ill, and do him courtesy.
Who thus as faithless him should reprehend,
Or any reprehend, whoe'er it be,
Nor knows he nor imagines; least of all
On Bradamant the knight's suspicions fall.

## LXV.

To think 'twas Rodomont the youthful peer
Was more inclined than any other wight;
And wherefore even from him he this should hear,
Muses, nor can the cause divine aright;
Save him, in all the world the cavalier
Knows not of one, that has him at despite.
Meanwhile Dordona's lady craved the field;
And loud that martial damsel's bugle pealed.

LXVI.

To Agramant and King Marsilius flew
The news, that one craved battle on the plain.
Serpentine stood by chance before the two,
And gained their leave to don his plate and chain,
And vowed to take that haughty man; the crew
Of people over wall and rampart strain;
Nor child nor elder was there, but he pressed
To see which champion should bestir him best.

LXVII.

In beauteous arms and costly surcoat drest,
Serpentine of the star to combat sped;
The ground he at the first encounter prest;
As if equipt with wings, his courser fled.
The damsel flew his charger to arrest,
And by the bridle to that paynim led,
Exclaiming; "Mount, and bid your monarch send
"A knight that better can with me contend."

LXVIII.

The Moorish king, that on the rampart's height
Stood, with a mighty following, next the plain,
Marking the joust, much marvelled at the sight
Of the foe's courtesy to him of Spain *.
"He takes him not, although he may of right,"
He cries i' the hearing of the paynim train.
Serpentine comes, and, as the maid commands,
A better warrior of that king demands.

* Serpentine.

LXIX.

Grandonio de Volterna, fierce of mood,
And in all Spain the proudest cavalier,
The second for that fell encounter stood,
Such favour had his suit obtained whilere.
" To thee thy courtesy shall do no good,"
He threats, " for if unhorsed in the career
" A prisoner to my lord shalt thou be led;
" But, if I fight as wonted, thou art dead."

LXX.

She cries, " I would not thy discourtesy
" Should make me so forget my courteous vein,
" But that aforehand I should caution thee
" Back to thy fortress to return again,
" Ere on hard earth thy bones shall battered be.
" Go tell thy king no champion of thy grain
" I seek, but hither come to crave the fight
" With warrior that is worthy of my might."

LXXI.

Bradamant's sharp and stinging answer stirred
The paynim's fury to a mighty flame;
So that, without the power to speak a word,
He wheeled his courser, filled with rage and shame;
Wheeling as well, at that proud paynim spurred
Her horse with levelled lance the warlike dame.
As the charmed weapon smites Grandonio's shield,
With heels in air, he tumbles on the field.

LXXII.

To him the high-minded damsel gave his horse,
And said, " Yet was this fate to thee foreshown,
" Instead of craving thus the knightly course,
" Better mine embassy wouldst thou have done.
" Some other knight, that equals me in force,
" I pray thee bid the Moorish king send down,
" Nor weary me, by forcing me to meet
" Champions like thee, untried in martial feat."

LXXIII.

They on the walls, that know not who the peer
That in the joust so well maintains his seat,
Name many a warrior, famous in career,
That often make them shake in fiercest heat.
Brandimart many deem the cavalier;
More guesses in renowned Rinaldo meet;
Many would deem Orlando was the knight,
But that they knew his pitiable plight.

LXXIV.

The third encounter craved Lanfusa's son*,
And cried, " Not that I better hope to fare,
" But that to warriors who this course have run,
" My fall may furnish an excuse more fair."
Next, with all arms that martial jousters don,
Clothed him, and of a hundred steeds that were
Ready for service, kept in lordly stall,
For speed and action chose the best of all.

* Ferrau.

LXXV.

He bowned him for the tournay, on his side,
But first saluted her and she the knight.
" If 'tis allowed to ask," (the lady cried,)
" Tell me in courtesy how ye are hight."
In this Ferrau the damsel satisfied,
Who rarely hid himself from living wight.
" Ye will I not refuse," (subjoined the dame,)
" Albeit I to meet another came."

LXXVI.

—" And who?" the Spaniard said;—the maid replied,
" Rogero;" and pronounced the word with pain.
And, in so saying, her fair face was dyed
All over with the rose's crimson grain.
She after added, " Hither have I hied,
" To prove how justly famed his might and main.
" No other care have I, no other call,
" But with that gentle youth to try a fall."

LXXVII.

She spoke the word in all simplicity,
Which some already may in malice wrest.
Ferrau replied, " Assured I first must be
" Which of us two is schooled in warfare best.
" If what has chanced to many, falls on me,
" Hither, when I return, shall be addrest,
" To mend my fault, that gentle cavalier,
" With whom you so desire to break a spear."

## LXXVIII.

Discoursing all this while, the martial maid
Spake with her beavor up, without disguise:
Ferrau, as that fair visage he surveyed,
Perceived he was half vanquished by its eyes.
And to himself, in under tone, he said,
"He seems an angel sent from Paradise;
"And, though he should not harm me with his lance,
"I am already quelled by that sweet glance."

## LXXIX.

They take their ground, and to the encounter ride,
And, like those others, Ferrau goes to ground;
His courser Bradamant retained, and cried,
"Return, and keep thy word with me as bound."
Shamed, he returned, and by his monarch's side,
Among his peers, the young Rogero found;
And let the stripling know the stranger knight,
Without the walls, defied him to the fight.

## LXXX.

Rogero (for not yet that warrior knows
What champion him in duel would assail)
Nigh sure of victory, with transport glows,
And bids his followers bring his plate and mail;
Nor having seen beneath those heavy blows
The rest dismounted, makes his spirit quail.
But how he armed, how sallied, what befell
That knight, in other canto will I tell.

# NOTES TO CANTO XXXV.

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1.

*Dating from the incarnate word, the year*
*Shall marked by men with M and D appear.*
Stanza iv. lines 7 and 8.

In the original:

Che col M e col D fosse notato
L' anno corrente dal verbo incarnato.

Mr. Hoole supposes these lines to have been taken from the Paradiso, canto xix. verse 129, and so they probably were. If so, however, we must admit that Ariosto has given us the husk without the kernel of Dante. The lines are,

Vedrassi al ciotto di Gerusalemme
Segnata con un I la sua bontate,
Quando il contrario segnerà un EMME;

and are thus spiritedly given by Mr. Carey:

The lame one of Gerusalem shall see
A unit for his virtue, for his vices
No less a mark than millions.

2.

*Between the king of rivers' horns (he cries)*
*Stands what is now a small and humble town, &c.*
Stanza vi. lines 1 and 2.

Fluviorum rex Eridanus.
VIRGIL.

The town is Ferrara.

3.

*as white,*
*My lord, as is your banner's snowy grain.*
Stanza xiv. lines 5 and 6.

Another allusion to the white eagle of the house of Este.

4.

*There moves no leaf beneath, thou hast to know,*
*But here above some sign thereof we trace;*
*Since all, in heaven above or earth below,*
*Must correspond, though with a different face, &c.*
Stanza xviii. lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

It is impossible to read these lines without thinking of something like a correspondent passage in the fifth book of *The Paradise Lost*, where Raphael, addressing Adam, as St. John does Astolpho, says,

Though what if Earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like more than on Earth is thought?

The followers of the mystic philosophers in the age of Ariosto and that of Milton seem to have believed in the existence of two worlds, one of things and the other of types, perhaps from

too literal an interpretation of doctrines which were purely allegorical; and it appears that some of the interpreters of the Pythagorean philosophy imagined the seventh sphere of their master to be the moon (Ariosto's land of types); which leads me to conjecture that the hint of the doctrines contained in this and the last canto may be founded upon some notion of his age respecting the ἀντιχθὼν of Pythagoras. It is, at any rate, clear, that much of the mystery of the present canto, the pre-existent souls, 'the sisters three, and such branches of learning,' savour strongly of Platonic, and Pythagorean doctrines.

5.

*If Cirrha him befriend, &c.*

Stanza xxiv. line 7.

A town situated at the roots of Parnassus.

6.

*Homer a conqueror Agamemnon shows,*
*And makes the Trojans seem of coward vein, &c.*

Stanza xxvii. lines 1 and 2.

This took its rise from a story-book narration

Of 'the tale of Troy divine,'

an *ignis fatuus* which misled many. Hence the attempt to give a different colouring to the Trojan war in the Troilus and Cressida of Shakespeare.

For the charge that

*Penelope was but a courtezan,*

Ariosto has older authorities. Her intrigue with Pan was said to have been manifested by its fruits, and more scandal is reported of her in the Classical Dictionary.

7.

*What fame Eliza, she so chaste of sprite, &c.*
Stanza xxviii. line 1.

In rescuing the character of Dido, Ariosto has yet better foundation; since it is agreed that Virgil has overleapt a space of 300 years in order to bring her and Æneas together. Ariosto probably eulogizes her chastity on the ground of the story of her having killed herself to avoid marrying Iarbas. Hence Petrarch in his triumph of chastity places her among his examples of chaste women.

8.

*Authors I love, and pay the debt I owe,*
*Speaking their praise; an author I below.*
Stanza xxviii. lines 7 and 8.

Gli scrittori amo e fò il debito meo;
Ch' al vostro mondo fui scrittore anche io.

The characterizing St. John as an author is to be sure as ridiculous as making St. James a Moor-slayer; but we must recollect that every age, every country, and every sect, entertains notions of persons which must be monstrous in the eyes of those who are not swayed by their partialities; and some future æra may wonder to hear two men of Ariosto's age, cited even in the present century in France and England, one as a loyal knight, and the other as a saint, who were both guilty of homicide and premeditated perjury.

9.

*To the bridge-end returned the damsel.*

Stanza xlvii. line 6.

She must therefore have either advanced or backed her horse during the conference with Rodomont; though she could hardly have advanced, as she must then have turned upon his narrow bridge. When she wheels, in stanza L., after having run her course, we may conceive it to have been on the land beyond the bridge, to which she returns, for the purpose of taunting her enemy.

# THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## CANTO XXXVI.

## ARGUMENT.

*While with the fierce Marphisa at despite*
*Duke Aymon's daughter wages fierce affray,*
*One and the other host engage in fight.*
*With Bradamant Rogero wends his way.*
*With other war disturbs their great delight*
*Marphisa bold; but when that martial may*
*Has for her brother recognized the peer,*
*They end their every strife with joyous cheer.*

# THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## CANTO XXXVI.

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I.

WHERE'ER they be, all hearts of gentle strain
Still cannot choose but courtesy pursue;
For they from nature and from habit gain
What they henceforth can never more undo.
Alike the heart that is of churlish vein,
Where'er it be, its evil kind will shew.
Nature inclines to ill, through all her range,
And use is second nature, hard to change.

II.

Among the warriors of antiquity
Much gentleness and courtesy appear,
Virtues but seldom seen with us; while we
Of evil ways, on all sides, see and hear.
Hippolytus, when you, with ensignry
Won from the foe, and with his captive gear
Adorned our temples; and his galleys bore,
Laden with prey, to your paternal shore;

III.

All the inhuman deeds which wrought by hand
Of Moor, or Turk, or Tartar ever were,
(Yet not by the Venetians' ill command,
That evermore the praise of justice bear,)
Were practised by that foul and evil band
Of soldiers, who their mercenaries are.
Of those so many fires not now I tell
Which on our farms and pleasant places fell.

IV.

Though a foul vengeance in that blow was meant
Mainly at you, who being at Cæsar's side,
When Padua by his leaguering host was pent,
'Twas known, that oft, through you, was turned aside
More than one ravening flame, and oft was spent
The fire, in fane and village blazing wide:
What time the destined mischief ye withstood,
As to your inborn courtesy seemed good.

V.

This will I pass, nor their so many more
Discourteous and despiteous doings tell,
Save one alone, whereat from rock-stone hoar
Whene'er the tale is told warm tears might well.
That day you sent your family before,
Thither, my lord, where, under omens fell,
Your foes into a well protected seat,
Abandoning their barks, had made retreat.

VI.

As Hector and Æneas, mid the flood,
Fire to the banded fleet of Greece applied,
I Hercules and Alexander viewed,
Urged by too sovereign ardour, side by side,
Spurring before all others in their mood,
Even within the hostile ramparts ride;
And prick so far, the second 'scaped with pain,
And on the foremost closed the opposing train.

VII.

Feruffine 'scaped, the good Cantelmo left.
What counsel, Sora's duke, was thine, what heart,
When thy bold son thou saw'st, of helm bereft,
Amid a thousand swords, when—dragged apart—
Thou saw'st his young head from his shoulders cleft,
A-shipboard, on a plank? I, on my part,
Marvel, that seeing but the murder done,
Slew thee not, as the faulchion slew thy son.

VIII.

Cruel Sclavonian! say, whence hast thou brought
Thy ways of warfare? By what Scythian rite
To slay the helpless prisoner is it taught,
Who yields his arms, nor fends himself in fight?
Was it a crime he for his country fought?
Ill upon thee the sun bestows his light.
Remorseless æra, which hast filled the page
With Atreus', Tantalus', Thyestes' rage!

IX.

Barbarian! thou madest shorter by the head
The boldest of his age, on whom did beam
The sun 'twixt pole and pole, 'twixt Indus' bed
And where he sinks in Ocean's western stream;
Whose years and beauty might have pity bred
In Anthropophagus, in Polypheme;
Not thee; that art in wickedness outdone
By any Cyclops, any Lestrigon [1].

X.

I ween, mid warriors in the days of yore,
No such example was; they all, in field,
Were full of gentleness and courteous lore,
Nor against conquered foe their bosom steeled.
Not only gentle Bradamant forbore
To harm the knights whom, smitten on the shield,
Her lance unhorsed; but for the vanquished crew
Detained their steeds, that they might mount anew.

XI.

I of that lady fair, of mickle might,
Told you above, how she had overthrown
Serpentine of the Star in single fight,
Grandonio and Ferrau, and then upon
Their coursers had replaced each baffled knight.
I told moreover how the third was gone
Rogero to defy to the career,
Upon her call, who seemed a cavalier.

XII.

Rogero heard the call in joyous vein,
And bade his arms be brought; now while in view
Of Agramant he donned the plate and chain,
Those lords the former question moved anew;
'Who was the knight, that on the martial plain
'The manage of the lance so quaintly knew?'
And of Ferrau, who spake with him whilere,
Craved, if to him was known that cavalier.

XIII.

"Be ye assured," to them Ferrau replied,
"He is not one of those I hear you cite
"To me (for I his open face descried).
"Rinaldo's youthful brother seemed the knight.
"But since his doughty valour I have tried,
"And wot not such is Richardetto's might,
"I ween it is his sister, who, I hear,
"Resembles much in mien that martial peer.

XIV.

"The damsel equals well, so Rumour tells,
"Rinaldo, and every paladin in fray:
"But brother she and cousin* both excels,
"Measured by that which I have seen to-day."
Hearing him, while upon her praise he dwells,
As the sky reddens with the morning ray,
Rogero's face is flushed with crimson hue,
And his heart throbs, nor knows he what to do.

* Rinaldo and Orlando.

XV.

Stung, at these tidings, by the amorous dart—
Within, new fire inflames the cavalier;
And strait, together with the burning smart,
Shoots through his bones a chill, produced by fear;
Fear, that new wrath had stifled in her heart
That mighty love, wherewith she burned whilere.
Confused he stands, irresolute and slow,
And undecided if to stay or go.

XVI.

Now fierce Marphisa, who was there, and prest
By huge desire to meet the stranger wight,
And armed withal (for, save in iron vest,
Her seldom would you find by day or night).
Hearing Rogero is in armour drest,
Fearing to lose the honour of the fight,
If first that champion with the stranger vies;
Thinks to prevent the youth and win the prize.

XVII.

She leapt upon her horse, and thither hied
Where Aymon's daughter on the listed plain,
With palpitating heart, upon her side,
Waited Rogero; whom the damsel fain
Would make her prisoner, and but schemed to guide
Her lance in mode the stripling least to pain.
Marphisa from the city portal fares,
And on her gallant helm a phœnix wears.

XVIII.

Whether the maid would publish, in her pride,
That she was single in the world, for might;
Or whether by that symbol signified,
That she would live, exempt from bridal rite.
Her closely Aymon's martial daughter eyed;
When seeing not those features, her delight,
She craves the damsel's name before they move,
And hears that it is she who joys her love:

XIX.

Or rather she, that gentle lady thought,
Had joyed her love; and whom she hated so,
Her to Death's door her anger would have brought,
Unless she venged her sorrow on the foe.
She wheeled her courser round, with fury fraught,
Less with desire to lay her rival low,
Than with the lance to pierce her in mid breast,
And put her every jealousy at rest.

XX.

Parforce to ground must go the royal maid,
To prove if hard or soft the listed plain,
And be with such unwonted scorn appaid,
That she is nearly maddened by disdain.
Scarce was she thrown, before her trenchant blade
She bared, and hurried to avenge the stain.
Cried Aymon's daughter, no less proud of heart,
"What art thou doing? Thou my prisoner art."

XXI.

" Though I have courtesy for others, none"
(She said) " from me, Marphisa, shalt thou find.
" Since evermore I hear of thee, as one
" To pride and every churlishness inclined."
Marphisa, at these words, was heard to groan,
As roars in some sea-rock the prisoned wind.
She screamed an answer; but its sense was drowned
(Such rage confused that damsel) in the sound.

XXII.

She whirls this while her faulchion, and would fain
Wound horse or rider in the paunch or breast[2];
But Aymon's watchful daughter turns the rein;
And on one side her courser leaps; possest
With furious anger and with fierce disdain,
She at her opposite her lance addrest;
And hardly touched the damsel, ere, astound,
Marphisa fell, reversed upon the ground.

XXIII.

Scarce down, Marphisa started from the plain,
Intent fell mischief with her sword to do,
Bradamant couched her golden spear again,
And yet again the damsel overthrew.
Yet Bradamant, though blest with might and main,
Was not so much the stronger of the two
As to have flung the maid in every just,
But that such power was in the lance's thrust.

XXIV.

This while some knights (some knights upon our side,
I say) forth issuing from the city, go
Towards the field of strife, which did divide
The squadrons, here and there, of either foe
—Not half a league of one another wide—
Seeing their knight such mighty prowess show;
*Their* knight, but whom no otherwise they knew
Than as a warrior of the christian crew.

XXV.

Troyano's generous son, who had espied
This band approaching to the city-wall,
For due defence would every means provide,
And every peril, every case forestall:
And orders many to take arms, who ride
Forth from the ramparts, at the monarch's call.
With them Rogero goes, in armour cased,
Balked of the battle by Marphisa's haste.

XXVI.

The enamoured youth, with beating heart, intent,
Stood by, the issue of the just to view.
For his dear consort fearing the event;
In that he well Marphisa's valour knew;
—At the beginning I would say—when; bent
On mischief, fiercely closed the furious two:
But when that duel's turn the stripling eyes,
He stands amazed and stupid with surprize;

## XXVII.

And when he saw unfinished was the fight,
At the first onset, like the justs whilere,
Misdoubting some strange accident, in sprite,
Sore vexed, this while remained the cavalier.
To either maid wished well that youthful knight;
For both were loved, but not alike were dear.
For *this* the stripling's love was fury, fire;
For *that* 'twas rather fondness than desire.

## XXVIII.

If so Rogero could with honour do,
He willingly the warriors would divide;
But his companions, in the fear to view
Victory with King Charles's knight abide,
Esteeming him the better of the two,
Break in between and turn their arms aside;
Upon the other part, the christian foes
Advance, and both divisions come to blows.

## XXIX.

On this side and that other, rings the alarm,
Which in those camps is sounded every day.
Bidding the unmounted mount, the unarmed arm,
And all their standards seek, without delay,
Where, under separate flags, the squadrons swarm,
More than one shrilling trump is heard to bray;
And as their rattling notes the riders call,
Rousing the foot, beat drum and ataball.

XXX.

As fierce as thought could think, 'twixt either host
Kindled the fell and sanguinary fray.
The daring damsel, fair Dordona's boast,
Sore vexed and troubled, that in the affray
She cannot compass what she covets most,
—Marphisa with avenging steel to slay,—
Now here, now there, amid the medley flies,
Hoping to see the youth for whom she sighs.

XXXI.

By the eagle argent on the shield of blue
She recognized Rogero, mid the rest.
With eyes and thought intent, she stops to view
The warrior's manly shoulders and his breast,
Fair face and movements full of graceful shew;
And then the maid, with mickle spite possest,
Thinking another joys the stripling's love,
Thus speaks, as sovereign rage and fury move.

XXXII.

" Shall then another kiss those lips so bright
" And sweet, if those fair lips are lost to me?
" Ah! never other shall in thee delight;
" For if not mine, no other's shalt thou be.
" Rather than die alone and of despite,
" I with this hand will slay myself and thee,
" That if I lose thee here, at least in hell
" With thee I to eternity may dwell.

XXXIII.

" If thou slay'st me, there is good reason, I
" The comfort too of vengeance should obtain;
" In that all edicts and all equity
" The death of him that causes death ordain;
" Nor, since you justly, I unjustly, die,
" Deem I that thine is equal to my pain.
" I him who seeks my life, alas! shall spill,
" Thou her that loves and worships thee wouldst kill.

XXXIV.

" My hand, why hast thou not the hardiment
" To rive with steel the bosom of my foe,
" That me so many times to death has shent,
" Under the faith of love, in peaceful show;
" Him, who to take my life can now consent,
" Nor even have pity of my cruel woe?
" Dare, valiant heart, this impious man to slay,
" And let his death my thousand deaths appay!"

XXXV.

So said, she spurred at him amid the throng;
But, first—" Defend thee, false Rogero!"—cried.
" No more, if I have power, in spoil and wrong,
" Done to a virgin heart, shalt thou take pride."
Hearing that voice the hostile ranks among,
He deems—and truly deems—he hears his bride;
Whose voice the youth remembers in such wise,
*That* mid a thousand would he recognize.

XXXVI.

Her further meaning well did he divine,
Weening that him she in that speech would blame,
For having broke their pact; and—with design,
The occasion of his failure to proclaim,—
Of his desire for parley made a sign:
But she, with vizor closed, already came,
Raging and grieved, intent, with vengeful hand,
To fling the youth; nor haply upon sand.

XXXVII.

Rogero, when he saw her so offended,
Fixed himself firmly in his arms and seat.
He rests his lance, but holds the stave suspended,
So that it shall not harm her when they meet.
She that to smite and pierce the Child intended,
Pitiless, and inflamed with furious heat,
Has not the courage, when she sees him near,
To fling, or do him outrage with the spear.

XXXVIII.

Void of effect, 'tis thus their lances go;
And it is well; since Love with burning dart,
Tilting this while at one and the other foe,
Has lanced the enamoured warriors in mid-heart.
Unable at the Child to aim her blow,
The lady spent her rage in other part,
And mighty deeds achieved, which fame will earn
While overhead the circling heavens shall turn.

## XXXIX.

Above three hundred men in that affray
In little space by her dismounted lie.
Alone that warlike damsel wins the day;
From her alone the Moorish people fly.
To her Rogero, circling, threads his way,
And says; "Unless I speak with you I die.
"Hear me, for love of heaven!—what have I done,
"Alas! that ever mine approach ye shun?"

## XL.

As when soft southern breezes are unpent,
Which with a tepid breath from seaward blow,
The snows dissolve, and torrents find a vent,
And ice, so hard erewhile, is seen to flow;
At those entreaties, at that brief lament,
Rinaldo's sister's heart is softened so;
Forthwith compassionate and pious grown;
Which anger fain had made more hard than stone.

## XLI.

Would she not, could she not, she nought replied,
But spurred aslant the ready Rabicane,
And, signing to Rogero, rode as wide
As she could wend from that embattled train;
Then to a sheltered valley turned aside,
Wherein embosomed was a little plain.
In the mid lawn a wood of cypress grew,
Whose saplings of one stamp appeared to view.

XLII.

Within that thicket, of white marble wrought,
Is a proud monument, and newly made;
And he that makes enquiry, here is taught
In few brief verses who therein is laid.
But of those lines, methinks, took little thought,
Fair Bradamant, arriving in the glade.
Rogero spurred his courser, and pursued
And overtook that damsel in the wood.

XLIII.

But turn we to Marphisa, that anew
During this space was seated on her steed,
And sought again the valiant champion, who
At the first onset cast her on the mead;
And saw, how from the mingling host withdrew
Rogero, after that strange knight to speed;
Nor deemed the youth pursued in love; she thought
He but to end their strife and quarrel sought.

XLIV.

She pricks her horse behind the two, and gains,
Well nigh as soon as they, that valley; how
Her coming thither either lover pains,
Who lives and loves, untaught by me, may know:
But sorest vext sad Bradamant remains;
Beholding her whence all her sorrows flow.
Who shall persuade the damsel but that love
For young Rogero brings her to that grove?

XLV.

And him perfidious she anew did name.
—" Perfidious, was it not enough (she said)
" That I should know thy perfidy from fame,
" But must the witness of thy guilt be made?
" I wot, to drive me from thee is thine aim;
" And I, that thy desires may be appaid,
" Will die; but strive, in yielding up my breath,
" She too shall die, the occasion of my death."

XLVI.

Angrier than venomed viper, with a bound,
So saying, she upon Marphisa flies;
And plants so well the spear, that she, astound,
Fell backward on the champaigne in such guise,
Nigh half her helm was buried in the ground:
Nor was the damsel taken by surprise:
Nay, did her best the encounter to withstand;
Yet with her helmed head she smote the sand.

XLVII.

Bradamant who will die, or in that just
Will put to death Marphisa, rages so,
She has no mind again with lance to thrust,
Again that martial maid to overthrow:
But thinks her head to sever from the bust,
Where it half buried lies, with murderous blow:
Away the enchanted lance that damsel flings,
Unsheathes the sword, and from her courser springs.

XLVIII.

But is too slow withal; for on her feet
She finds Marphisa, with such fierce disdain
Inflamed, at being in that second heat
So easily reversed upon the plain,
She hears in vain exclaim, in vain entreat,
Rogero, who beholds their strife with pain.
So blinded are the pair with spite and rage,
That they with desperate fury battle wage.

XLIX.

At half-sword's length engage the struggling foes;
And—such their stubborn mood—with shortened brand
They still approach, and now so fiercely close,
They cannot choose but grapple, hand to hand.
Her sword, no longer needful, each foregoes;
And either now new means of mischief planned.
Rogero both implores with earnest suit;
But supplicates the twain with little fruit.

L.

When he entreaties unavailing found,
The youth prepared by force to part the two;
Their poniards snatched away, and on the ground,
Beneath a cypress-tree, the daggers threw.
When they no weapons have wherewith to wound,
With prayer and threat, he interferes anew:
But vainly; for, since better weapons lack,
Each other they with fists and feet attack.

LI.

Rogero ceased not from his task; he caught,
By hand or arm, the fiercely struggling pair,
Till to the utmost pitch of fury wrought
The fell Marphisa's angry passions were.
She, that this ample world esteemed at nought,
Of the Child's friendship had no further care.
Plucked from the foe, she ran to seize her sword,
And fastened next upon that youthful lord.

LII.

"Like a discourteous man and churl ye do,
"Rogero to disturb another's fight;
"A deed (she cried) this hand shall make ye rue,
"Which, I intend, shall vanquish both." The knight
Sought fierce Marphisa's fury to subdue
With gentle speech; but full of such despite
He found her, and inflamed with such disdain,
All parley was a waste of time and pain.

LIII.

At last his faulchion young Rogero drew;
For ire as well had flushed that cavalier:
Nor it is my belief, that ever shew
Athens or Rome, or city whatsoe'er
Witnessed, which ever so rejoiced the view,
As this rejoices, as this sight is dear
To Bradamant, when, through their strife displaced,
Every suspicion from her breast is chased.

LIV.

Bradamant took her sword, and to descry
The duel of those champions stood apart.
The god of war, descended from the sky,
She deemed Rogero, for his strength and art:
If he seemed Mars, Marphisa to the eye
Seemed an infernal Fury, on her part.
'Tis true, that for a while the youthful knight
Against that damsel put not forth his might.

LV.

He knew the virtues of that weapon well,
Such proof thereof the knight erewhile had made.
Where'er it falls parforce is every spell
Annulled, or by its stronger virtue stayed.
Hence so Rogero smote, it never fell
Upon its edge or point, but still the blade
Descended flat: he long this rule observes;
Yet once he from his patient purpose swerves.

LVI.

In that, a mighty stroke Marphisa sped,
Meaning to cleave the brainpan of her foe:
He raised the buckler to defend his head,
And the sword smote upon its bird of snow,
Nor broke nor bruised the shield, by spell bested;
But his arm rang astounded by the blow;
Nor aught but Hector's mail the sword had stopt,
Whose furious blow would his left arm have lopt;

LVII.

And had upon his head descended shear,
Whereat designed to strike the savage fair.
Scarce his left arm can good Rogero rear;
Can scarce the shield and blazoned bird upbear.
All pity he casts off, and 'twould appear
As in his eyes a lighted torch did glare.
As hard as he can smite, he smites; and woe
To thee, Marphisa, if he plants the blow!

LVIII.

I cannot tell you truly in what wise,
That faulchion swerves against a cypress-stock,
In such close-serried ranks the saplings rise,
Buried above a palm within the block.
At this the mountain and the plain that lies
Beneath it, with a furious earthquake rock;
And from that marble monument proceeds
A voice, that every mortal voice exceeds[3].

LIX.

The horrid voice exclaims, "Your quarrel leave;
"For 'twere a deed unjust and inhumane,
"That brother should of life his sister reave,
"Or sister by her brother's hand be slain.
"Rogero and Marphisa mine, believe!
"The tale which I deliver is not vain.
"Seed of one father, in one womb ye lay;
"And first together saw the light of day.

LX.

" Galaciëlla's children are ye, whom
" She to Rogero, hight the second, bare.
" Whose brothers, having, by unrighteous doom,
" Of your unhappy sire deprived that fair,
" Not heeding that she carried in her womb
" Ye, who yet suckers of their lineage are,
" Her in a rotten carcase of a boat,
" To founder in mid ocean, set afloat.

LXI.

But Fortune, that had destined you whilere,
" And yet unborn, to many a fair emprize,
" Your mother to that lonely shore did steer,
" Which overright the sandy Syrtes lies.
" Where, having given you birth, that spirit dear
" Forthwith ascended into Paradise.
" A witness of the piteous case was I,
" So Heaven had willed, and such your destiny!

LXII.

" I to the dame as decent burial gave
" As could be given upon that desert sand.
" Ye, well enveloped in my vest, I save,
" And bear to Mount Carena from the strand;
" And make a lioness leave whelps and cave,
" And issue from the wood, with semblance bland.
" Ye, twice ten months, with mickle fondness bred,
" And from her paps the milky mother fed.

LXIII.

" Needing to quit my home upon a day,
" And journey through the country, (as you can
" Haply remember ye) we on our way,
" Were overtaken by an Arab clan.
" Those robbers thee, Marphisa, bore away;
" While young Rogero 'scaped, who better ran.
" Bereaved of thee, thy woful loss I wept,
" And with more watchful care thy brother kept.

LXIV.

" Rogero, if Atlantes watched thee well,
" While yet he was alive, thou best dost know.
" I the fixed stars had heard of thee foretell,
" That thou shouldst perish by a treacherous foe
" In Christian land; and till their influence fell
" Was ended, laboured to avert the blow;
" Nor having power in fine thy will to guide,
" I sickened sore, and of my sorrow died.

LXV.

" But here, before my death, for in this glade
" I knew thou should'st with bold Marphisa fight,
" I with huge stones, amassed by hellish aid,
" Had this fair monument of marble dight;
" And I to Charon with loud outcries said;
' I would not he should hence convey my sprite,
' Till here, prepared in deadly fray to strive,
' Rogero and his sister should arrive.'

LXVI.

" Thus has my spirit for this many a day
" Waited thy coming in these beauteous groves;
" So be no more to jealous fears a prey,
" O Bradamant, because Rogero loves.
" But me to quit the cheerful realms of day,
" And seek the darksome cloisters it behoves."
Here ceased the voice; which in the Child amazed
And those two damsels mighty marvel raised.

LXVII.

Gladly a sister in the martial queen
Rogero, she in him a brother knows;
Who now embrace, nor move her jealous spleen,
That with the love of young Rogero glows;
And citing what, and when, and where had been
Their childish deeds, as they to memory rose,
In summing up past times, more sure they hold
The things whereof the wizard's spirit told.

LXVIII.

Rogero from Marphisa does not hide,
How Bradamant to him at heart is dear;
And by what obligations he is tied
In moving words relates the cavalier;
Nor ceases till he has, on either side,
Turned to firm love the hate they bore whilere.
When, as a sign of peace, and discord chased,
They, at his bidding, tenderly embraced.

## LXIX.

Marphisa to Rogero makes request
'To say what sire was theirs, and what their strain;
'And how he died; by banded foes opprest,
'Or at close barriers, was the warrior slain?
'And who it was had issued the behest
'To drown their mother in the stormy main?
'For of the tale, if ever heard before,
'Little or nothing she in memory bore.'

## LXX.

"Of Trojan ancestors are we the seed,
"Through famous Hector's line," (Rogero said.)
"For after young Astyanax was freed[4],
"From fierce Ulysses and the toils he spread,
"Leaving another stripling in his stead,
"Of his own age, he out of Phrygia fled.
"Who, after long and wide sea-wandering, gained
"Sicily's shore, and in Messina reigned.

## LXXI.

"Part of Calabria within Faro held
"The warrior's heirs, who after a long run
"Of successors, departed thence and dwelled
"In Mars' imperial city: more than one
"Famed king and emperor, who that list have swelled,
"In Rome and other part has filled the throne;
"And from Constantius and good Constantine,
"Stretched to the son of Pepin, is their line.

## LXXII.

" Rogero, Gambaron, Buovo hence succeed;
" And that Rogero, second of the name,
" Who filled our fruitful mother with his seed;
" As thou Atlantes may'st have heard proclaim.
" Of our fair lineage many a noble deed
" Shalt thou hear blazed abroad by sounding Fame."
' Of Agolant's inroad next the stripling told,
' With Agramant and with Almontes bold;

## LXXIII.

' And how a lovely daughter, who excelled
' In feats of arms, that king accompanied;
' So stout she many paladins had quelled;
' And how, in fine, she for Rogero sighed;
' And for his love against her sire rebelled;
' And was baptized, and was Rogero's bride;
' And how a traitor loved (him Bertram name)
' His brother's wife with an incestuous flame;

## LXXIV.

' And country, sire, and brethren two betrayed,
' Hoping he so the lady should have won;
' How Risa open to the foe he laid,
' By whom all scathe was on those kinsmen done;
' How Agolant's two furious sons conveyed
' Their mother, great with child, and six months gone,
' Aboard a helmless boat, and with its charge,
' In wildest winter, turned adrift the barge.'

LXXV.

Valiant Marphisa, with a tranquil face,
Heard young Rogero thus his tale pursue,
And joyed to be descended of a race
Which from so fair a font its waters drew:
Whence Clermont, whence renowned Mongrana trace
Their noble line, the martial damsel knew;
Blazoned through years and centuries by Fame,
Unrivalled, both, in men of mighty name.

LXXVI.

When afterwards she from her brother knew
Agramant's uncle, sire, and grandsire fell,
In treacherous wise, the first Rogero slew
And brought to cruel pass Galacielle,
Marphisa could not hear the story through:
To him she cries, "With pardon, what you tell,
"Brother, convicts you of too foul a wrong,
"In leaving thus our sire unvenged so long.

LXXVII.

"Could'st thou not in Almontes and Troyane,
"As dead whilere, your thirsty faulchion plant,
"By you those monarch's children might be slain.
"Are you alive, and lives King Agramant?
"Never will you efface the shameful stain,
"That ye, so often wronged, not only grant
"Life to that king, but as your lord obey;
"Lodge in his court, and serve him for his pay?

## LXXVIII.

" Here heartily in face of Heaven I vow,
" *That* Christ my father worshipped, to adore;
" And till I venge my parents on the foe
" To wear this armour; and I will deplore
" Your deed, Rogero, and deplore even now,
" That you should swell the squadrons of the Moor,
" Or other follower of the Moslem faith,
" Save sword in hand, and to the paynim's scathe."

## LXXIX.

Ah! how fair Bradamant uplifts again
Her visage at that speech, rejoiced in sprite!
Rogero she exhorts in earnest vein
To do as his Marphisa counsels right;
And bids him seek the camp of Charlemagne,
And have himself acknowledged in his sight,
Who so reveres and lauds his father's worth,
He even deems him one unmatched on earth.

## LXXX.

' In the beginning so he should have done,'
(Warily young Rogero answer made,)
' But, for the tale was not so fully known,
' As since, the deed had been too long delaid.
' Now, seeing it was fierce Troyano's son
' That had begirt him with the knightly blade,
' He, as a traitor, well might be abhorred,
' If he slew one, accepted as his lord.'

LXXXI.

But, as to Bradamant whilere, he cries,
'He will all measures and all means assay,
'Whereby some fair occasion may arise
'To leave the king; and had there been delay,
'And he whilere had done in otherwise,
'She on the Tartar king the fault must lay:
'How sorely handled that redoubted foe
'Had left him in their battle, she must know;

LXXXII.

'And she, that every day had sought his bed,
'Must of this truth the fittest witness be.'
Much upon this was answered, much was said,
Between those damsels, who at last agree;
And as their last resolve, last counsel read,
He should rejoin the paynim's ensignry,
Till he found fair occasion to resort
From Agramant's to Charles's royal court.

LXXXIII.

Tó Bradamant the bold Marphisa cries:
"Let him begone, nor doubt but I, before
"Many days pass, will manage in such wise,
"That Agramant shall be his lord no more."
So says the martial damsel, nor implies
The secret purpose which she has in store.
Making his congees to the friendly twain,
To join his king Rogero turns the rein.

LXXXIV.

When a complaint is heard from valley near:
All now stand listening to the noise attent;
And to that plaintive voice incline their ear,
A woman's (as 'twould seem) that makes lament.
But I this strain would gladly finish here,
And, that I finish it, be ye content:
For better things I promise to report,
If ye to hear another strain resort.

# NOTES TO CANTO XXXVI.

1.

*that art in wickedness outdone*
*By any Cyclops, any Lestrigon.*

Stanza ix. lines 7 and 8.

Ariosto is usually most happy in the opening of his cantos; but this prelude, though there is one masterly touch in the picture, is not, I think, among his happiest. It is proverbially dangerous for the poet to handle cotemporary subjects, more especially in detail, for posterity will seldom sympathize with him in his exaggerated or distorted views. Thus Ariosto had no right to call the Sclavonian such foul names for the death of Cantelmo; which was after all an act of savage justice; for he was a deserter from the Venetian service to that of the duke of Ferrara.

2.

*and would fain*
*Wound horse or rider in the paunch or breast.*

Stanza xxii. lines 1 and 2.

We have already seen that it was held uncourteous to wound the horse: but this reckless violence is consistent with Marphisa's character. In the Innamorato, it is yet more extravagant; but, considering the liberties which Ariosto has taken with his other personages (as Astolpho), we may wonder that he has not softened it more.

3.

*And from that marble monument proceeds*
*A voice, that every mortal voice exceeds.*

Stanza lviii. lines 7 and 8.

gemitus lachrymabilis imo
Auditur tumulo.

Æneid. III.

4.

*For after young Astyanax was freed, &c.*

Stanza lxx. line 3.

Here again we have more after-inventions about Troy. Respecting the rest of the story, I shall give such scattered lights as I find in Harrington and Hoole, without following the example of the noble founder of an antiquarian book-club, who devoted his time to correcting, or reconciling, the contradictions in Dutens' Genealogy of the Heroes of Romance.

Harrington only says that his "author here follows not any true story, but a work entitled Almontes, which, notwithstanding, hath some credit, though not much:" but Hoole finds the *dramatis personæ* among those of the Innamorato, and those that "jousted in Aspramont;" and gives the following account of them: "After the Grecians had taken Troy, and put most of their prisoners to the sword, among whom was Polyxena, daughter of Priam and Hecuba, who was sacrificed at the tomb of Achilles; in order entirely to extirpate the race of Hector, they sought for Astyanax; but Andromache, to preserve his life, concealed him in a sepulchre, and took another child in her arms, with whom being found, they were both put to death. In the mean time the real Astyanax was safely conveyed, by a friend of his father, to the island of Sicily, when, being grown to man's estate, he conquered Corinth and Argos: he established a government at Messina, and married the queen

of Syracuse, but was afterward killed by treachery, and his widow being driven from the city by the Greeks, took shelter in Risa, where she was delivered of a son named Polydore, from whom descended Clovis and Constantius. Constantius was the head of the line of Pepin, father of Charlemagne; and from Clovis came Rogero, who married Galaciella, daughter of Agolant: Rogero being cruelly murdered and his city destroyed, his wife fled to the coast of Africa, where she was delivered of two children, a boy and a girl, and died soon after; the boy, called Rogero, was brought up by Atlantes, a magician."—See *Orlando Innam.* b. II. c. i., &c.

Take his further account of Rogero of Risa and Galaciella, the father and mother of Ariosto's hero:

"When Almontes left the dominions of his father Agolant to revenge the death of King Garnieri on the Christians, he took with him his sister Galaciella, a female warrior of great courage, but his brother Troyano remained behind with his father. Almontes and Galaciella alternately fought with Rogero of Risa, without victory to any party. Galaciella turned Christian and married Rogero; but Bertram, elder natural brother to Rogero, having conceived a passion for his sister-in-law, but, unable to corrupt her chastity, he in revenge betrayed the town of Risa to Almontes, who entering by night, put all to the sword. Rogero and his father Rampaldo were killed: but Almontes afterward, repenting of the part which he had acted, caused Bertram to be put to death. Galaciella, then big with child, was put on board a vessel with eight attendants, whom she afterwards killed, and landing at a castle, was delivered of two children, and died."—*Aspramonte*, c. iv. vi. ix. &c.

"The latter part of this story is differently told by Boardo and Ariosto, who relate that she was exposed alone in an open boat by her brothers, and cast on the coast of Africa."—*Hoole.*

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## THE INNAMORATO

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